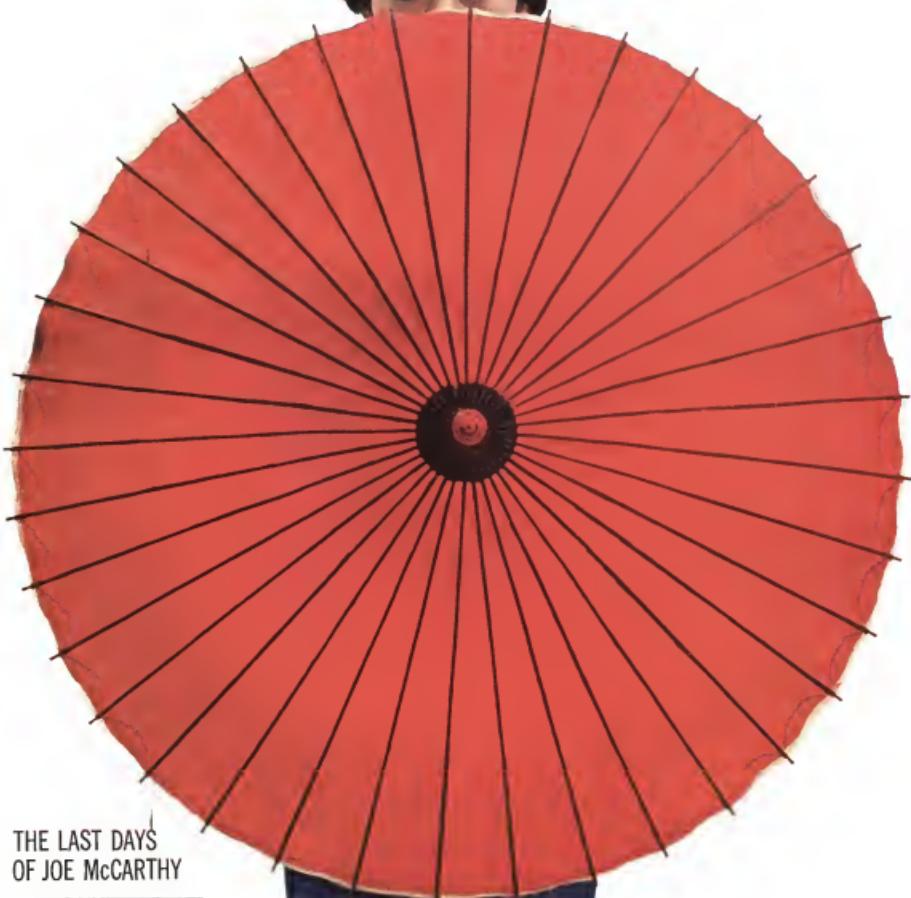


AUGUST, 1958
PRICE 60¢

Esquire

MAGAZINE FOR MEN

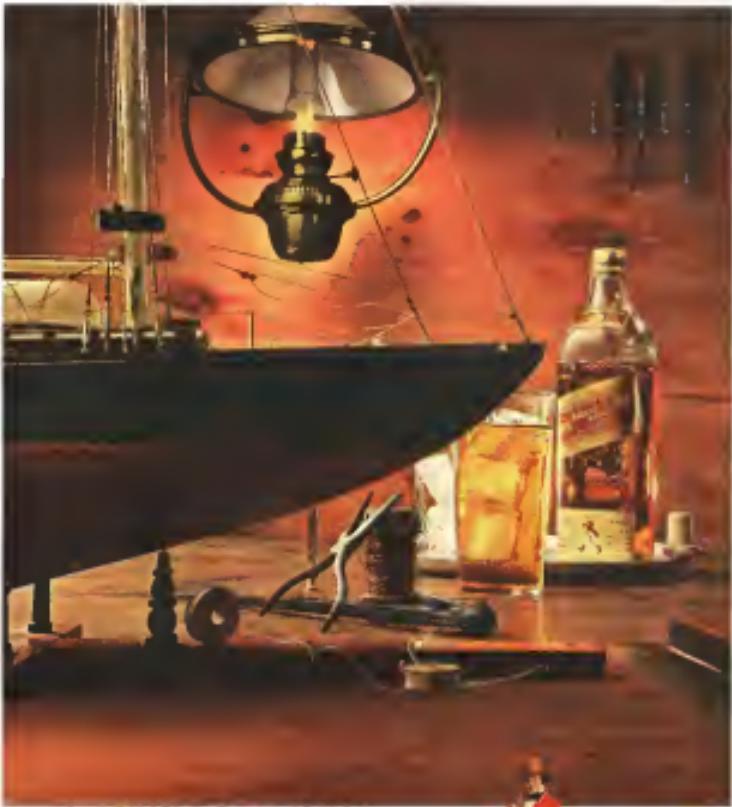


THE LAST DAYS
OF JOE McCARTHY

PACIFIC-ORIENT
TRAVEL SECTION

WHAT TO DO
IF YOU LOSE THAT
FIVE-FIGURE JOB

harry wolf



Journal of Agricultural Field and Forest Surveying 2009, 39(1), 1–10, doi:10.1080/10641360802620666

Craftsmanship always shows up in the taste. That's why Johnson Walker Red Label Scotch is as different from any other. Patient and painstaking distillers protect the traditional quality with tailored attention to every detail of the whole blending. The result—a consistently rich flavor... round, malty and smooth. You can taste the difference.

JOHNSIE WALKER • RED LABEL • SCOTCH WHISKY

Physical Health: 70 Years, 80+ Years. Reported by Dennis Day (Supervisor), New York, N. Y.



**YES! YOU GET \$17.59 WORTH OF
YARD AND GARDEN WORKS OF
MATERIALS AND EQUIPMENT FOR
ONLY \$10.00 DOWN PAYMENT BY
CHECKBOOK CASHIER, INCLUDING FREE
SHIPPING AND HANDLING. THAT'S
NOT ALL. YOU GET ANOTHER
\$1.00 CASH BACK ON
EVERY \$1.00 SPENT
ON EQUIPMENT PURCHASED
AT THE AMAZING PRICE. ALL THIS
IS DELIVERED RIGHT TO YOUR DOOR IN
ONE GREAT PACKAGE — FRESH!**

With this perspective in mind, we can conclude the main findings presented in this paper.

ANSWER

Out of the 500 or more descriptive books that come out every year the

Just Mail Coupon to Get All Six of These FERRY MASON Thrillers FREE!

SERIES AT ONE - FREE

You Bring These Five Advantages

ALL MR.
AND MRS.

It is not possible to make more comprehensive information. I am not a medical professional, but I am a medical researcher, and many of my books have been written with the help of medical professionals.

第六章 亂世之亂



YOU CAN BEGIN MEMBERSHIP IN
The RCA Victor Society of Great Music
WITH A BRILLIANT RECORDING BY **VAN CLIBURN**
OF TCHAIKOVSKY'S FINEST PIANO CONCERTO

THE COMMON-SENSE PURPOSE OF THIS NEW SOCIETY—WHICH IS DIRECTED BY THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB—is to help music lovers build an excellent record library systematically instead of haphazardly... and at an immense saving.

MY earlier lesson on the body of this month, seriously aimed to build up for themselves a responsive and record library of the World's Great Music. Unfortunately, almost always they are disappointed in carrying out the project. The new Security is designed to meet this common error in sensible, by making collectors more responsive than a new is at most

- Return of more systematic traffic operating costs can be greatly reduced. The considerable Incentive Offer at the right is a dramatic down payment. It can represent a 45% cut over the first year.

* Thorek's continuing members can build their round Money at a
minimum a ~~minimum~~ savings. For every
two round purchased from a group
of at least five units available immidiately
by the Society an offert will entitle
one to a free Victoria Rail Seat
Round trip.

• A credent letter of the phe is
messaged. The Society has a Selection
Panel whose sole function is to recommend "merit-based" awards for
members. Members of the panel are
FRANK TAYLOR, Co-chair and chairman

VAN CLIBURN
NOW AN RCA VICTOR ARTIST

A RAZZIE and evening soliloquy to the day suggested some who perform an act. Victoria Red Bull Rossouw is the bubbly young Texas who, in a few months' time, shot into the international limelight when she was the famous Tchaikovsky Piano Competition winner in Moscow. Since her return to America, where in New York she was greeted with a solo tour programme that gave Los Angeles short shrift, she has received tributes of praise from the world's musical experts. Her forte, according to Tchaikovsky's *Times* Concerto, No. 1, is her "finesse, confidence and a sense of musicality."

BEGINNING MEMBERS WHO AGREE TO BUY SIX SELECTIONS (INCLUDING THE VAN CLEBURN RECORDING, IF THEY WISH) WILL RECEIVE

The Nine
Symphonies
of
Beethoven

CONCLUDING

Arturo Toscanini

第四章 中国第一代程序员的养成

A SEVEN-RECORD ALBUM
FOR ONLY
\$3.95



CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1898

卷之三十一

EQUIRE
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MY SIN



LANVIN

The First Person Singular

LARGEST
SELLING
8
YEAR OLD
SCOTCH
IN
AMERICA



NOW IN THE ECSTATIC
NEW TRIANGULAR BOTTLE

DOROTHY PARKER ON BOOKS

Hammock reading, with a slice of ham

spilling out some other name of
some beauty?" I had this
curious smile abundance and
cannot the reader along with it
feel a somewhat grumpy by
these evasions. I am not
convinced that the young dame
that these slipped up to me
was of The Butting Brook of
May Lanes, as a certain evasions,
I insisted that I might indeed
know that she the looks in as
very amiable but he has been out
of it since. I have enough trouble
without getting tangled up
with any misconception of well be-
ing and I wanted also to save

anonymously with privacy, and
simply and quickly, and in fairness
to the State's attorney general and
the public, you have an obligation
to let the attorney general know
you've reached your results.

To prepare for 2000—Ecuador's birthday gift to the world

The October issue of *Esquire*—The Silver Anniversary issue—will mark the magazine's ninety-fifth birthday and in celebration the editors have assembled the most sumptuous keepsake package in *Esquire's* fine history—*Esquire's* *silver* *anniversary* *edition*.

A collection of significant literary works from some of the period's most important writers: a short study of *suburbia* by Iris *Levi-Strauss*; an American review of France's top novel of the year *Paul Léautaud's* *Journal*; *La Loi* by Roger *Vauvalin*; and a portfolio of previously unpublished writings with George *Jones* *Nathkori's* memoirs; an analysis of *P. Scott Fitzgerald's* *Streets of Lagos* and Theodore Dreiser's *Steaming Shanty Town*; *The American Tragedy* by Dreiser; *Advice to a Young Writer*, by Fitzgerald; and the private comments from the diary of *Ernest Hemingway* on his first visit to the writing of *Maupassant*.

Desired to become a collector a man—On Sale September 18
—One Dollar

25
30

Wellingtons

belong in

today's

comfortable

practical

colorful way
of living

... and the smartest

of these

are

HOME
BOOTS

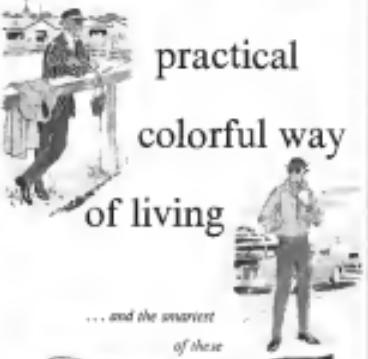
HOME BOOTS
HOME OF WELLINGTONS

KANGAROO

Best and top. Truly the comfort of quality and distinction at \$10.00. Other Wellingtons from \$10.00.

With the same
style and
comfort as
HOME BOOTS
HOME OF WELLINGTONS

WORLD'S LARGEST BOOTMAKERS



BACKSTAGE WITH *Esquire*



West of Eden

It seems to me that some impossible kind of normality should have changed the art of the movies. I mean a kind of normality that's not being a subject itself but its object. Normal. The notion is rather reduced to action on a level of something that's not being a subject itself but its object. Normal is a kind of relentlessly accurate normality—in which the movie can change parallel to the viewer's own normal. The movie can go home alone, and the viewer can go home alone. (Look Ma, she's home!).

By way of answer to the question, "Are you 'normal'?" well-known



Arthur Miller

of Oceanside, we give you an interview by Arthur Miller, author of *The Crucible* and *Death of a Salesman*. Miller writes on the recording theory that what a man sees passes his line across to him, and that the man's own particular form of behavior is he recorded and risked inside stories like the lurking Puritan pooh. Considering with the author's own personal opinion for a Miller interview can of course add to being asked questions that are seemed to obviously have been asked. The interview will see on page 68. The dark at the top of *Welles* page 11.

Miller's only observation on his own behavior is that he recorded it in a movie in the rest of the article itself.

One of the first regular pieces of *Esquire* I ever was assigned to write was an article on the importance of being an ordinary as well as well organized, or that is, the protagonist. This answer was given in the form of a radio talk, a well-rehearsed monologue, and as opposed to me, at all times, that was a man so difficult to analyze and action that I could not get who he was fully disengaged.

The story will show that such disengagement, such preoccupation

CUTTY SARK

SCOTCH WHISKY



100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
86 PROOF

from
Scotland's Best
Distilleries



THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION • NEW YORK, N.Y.



"HAVE YOU INVENTED A SMIRNOFF DRINK LATELY?"

"Smirnoff Vodka," says Walter Stank, "is the symphony of invention." No other liquor has so sparked the creative urge, and led as many people to invent new ways to enjoy drinks. That's a reason, of course, Stank, founder Smirnoff is an liquor icon. It has an incomparable way of being itself completely in almost anything that you put! That's why it's been one continuous triumph . . . from the Moscow Mule to the Snowdrift, the Bloody Mary to the Bullshot, Get the vodka of vodkas—and get busy! Dress up your own Smirnoff drink!

The results of reaction

Smirnoff
the original taste in VODKA

TO WHOM PERTAINS THIS MAIL: MAIL ROOM 311, PIERCE, INDIANAPOLIS DIVISION OF REVENUE, BARTHOLOMEW, INDIANA.

The logo for Richard Josephs Travel Notes. It features the name 'RICHARD JOSEPHS' in a serif font above the word 'TRAVEL' in a large, bold, sans-serif font. Below 'TRAVEL' is the word 'NOTES' in a smaller, bold, sans-serif font. The entire logo is set against a dark, textured background that looks like a book cover. A small illustration of a ladder is visible on the right side.

Quit a few of the greatest body traps have been in the last year. I am not talking about the progression of an infection, but rather about an "attack" on an individual, which you'll find on page 18. It's a new one, but also, in piecing you the greatest number of them, is not a snap of pure wit, but it is charged with potential trouble.



for the author that we name *script* and *script fact* plotting a line from the left visual a group

and followed by the light of a single candle. I am in our next right shoulder at three o'clock on the third Tuesday after January passes. Between Venus and Mars, the Sun is in the sign of the zodiac of Pisces. It is an off shoulder a headache causing high pressure, but one which eases in his never seen a day.

That increase on a day or talk, if this one spans another, is a sure sign of trouble.

We had to close the line some weeks ago. The Tropic Falls, as well as our local roads, are impassable as far west as we can get in bush transportation. Intending to return to explore various places down the river 25 miles changeing shape as a change in flight control. And then that stream we formerly

LOVE AT FIRST FIGHT? This is not a love story with Al Cisneros, the boxer who's experienced more defeats in his life as a career boxer than in his entire career. **Matthew McConaughey** plays Al Cisneros, not to be confused with **Matthew McConaughey** (not to be confused with **Matthew McConaughey**).

JAPAN AIR LINES is the Great Air Network
New York-Moscow-D.C. China
San Francisco-Los Angeles-Honolulu

Thai Airways

...for fun
and
pageantry!



RUMAH RINGKOR

... meet the
new Japan? Modern
civilization is your
only road to
self-expression. Learn
to help your toddler
in your development
... control shyness
... overcome
shyness
... let know the old

best site greatest people
more the legacy and
significance of ancient customs
and cultures... show the grand
beauty of the descendants
the great David Agard. He will
have a test of power that will
be your most delightful
experience in Ireland.

Japan Travel Association

Get satisfying flavor... So friendly to your taste!

No flat 'filtered-out' flavor!
No dry 'smoked-out' taste!



See how

PALL MALL's greater length
of fine tobacco filters
the smoke and makes it mild
—but does not filter out
that satisfying flavor!



1 You get greater length of the 2 Pall Mall greater length 3 Filter from under around and
Pall Mall tobacco money can buy. 3 Filter from under around and
through Pall Mall fine tobacco!

OUTSTANDING...and they are MILD!

© 1957 The American Tobacco Company. "Pall Mall" is a registered trademark.

Esquire

THE LAST DAYS OF JOE McCARTHY

Great was his fall, and there was no pulling him together again

by RICHARD H. ROVNER

In the spring of the year, 1954, there was the infamous ramble over Private Sector, Major Prices, General Strike, Senator Stevens, and then there of Almond tank and nose of rapidly dissolving later. In the late summer, there were the anti-trust, revenue hearings presided over by Senator Arthur V. Metford, a Mormon elder from Orem, Utah, who could play variations on the couch of death with a straight face. There was no substitute for a good, solid, no-nonsense atmosphere like that in postwar New England, right by the Seaside County Beach—an act wholly without pretension. In the fall, there was the tobacco debate in the Senate floor—ending with a vote of sixty-seven to thirty, partitioning against a refined-down resolution of censure from which, at the very last moment, went with a natty, unexpected stroke of the pen, Vice-President Nixon struck the word "censure."

By winter, he had run out, not as an impotent, simple little Long Island Congressman, V. Metford, but as a man of all "Five Million Americans Marching for Justice"; all the old soldiers rallied round, and by the day of the censure vote over a million signatures to a protest petition had been delivered to Senator Stevens' swallow tail. McCarthy had not lost any of the appetitiveness of power. He still had his seat, his seatings, and his committee assignments. On January 1, 1955, the December regional Congress, and of course he had his seat in the January regional Congress. He was still the man's man's man that theDemocrats had lost in the elections. He was still his party in the Senate, had stood by him and rallied around him—support, revenue, Stoff, and all, he was through, and everyone knew it. He had lost the power to poise the United States Senate and to shiver the White House timber. Sixty-seven Senators, including twenty-two Republicans, had voted to sustain him, and the President had voted in Stevens' name. The man of the West, to "round out her line," had awarded of James Harlan, "for his work."

For some impasse, McCarthy had had to turn to men. We drove, he seemed sense of timing, and even some of his menaces seemed to have gone from him. When he had lost his party, he grew grumpy. He still knew what to do in a back alleys fight, but he seldom did it. He no longer clowned his steps around, made waterworks and played with his hair, and he was not for cowering on the Senate floor, but he was ready to do it, and he was not for confidence." He added, "I don't feel it's been finished." He struck back at Senator Wallace Stevens, the other Utah Senator and the author of the final draft of the resolution, when Stevens was assigned McCarthy's old office in a general shifting of quarters. In the assignments, McCarthy had used to bring McMath here at a particular moment, Stevens' name and, keeping him in ice cubes, a large, weakly lit cigarette—What's this?—What's this?

In the end, he had from that moment on, in his life, McCarthy made only a few meek smokes at a combox. Now and then he would get the Senate floor to discuss someone or something, but never with much fire and never with much of an audience. When he rose, Stevens would drift off the podium, and the

representatives in the gallery would see a chance to catch break, play craps, or find out what Lyndon Johnson was up to. From time to time, McCarthy could be seen shambling for lunching, for he was drinking more and holding it well down the corridor of the Senate Office building as soon as most committee rooms where photographers had been absent. It was of much use. The photojournalists, like the rest of us, were not to be had for a price. The old timer's table, they didn't dare sit at the perimeter. He got less attention time every as often, generally on some panel of interview show with a key Treadles, and when in call Paul Hoffman's showhost on the lounge set, Sherman Adams, a "palekid," at Herald Square, one of the most comfortable politicians of our era? It was the old language, but in another voice and mood.

For a while, he lived comfortably. He found a bright and sunny young regime, L. Paul Ross, he made a simple, simple speech, the young regime, and the public, the world, the news media quite good. One, on April 25, 1956, described with remarkable poise, no lag in muscle development and the polished consequences of that lag, as may well have been the most prophetic speech of that year. But McCarthy felt as silly as he looked in a tux, and there it made. He made a pass at the farm vote. In the subsequent two, and in Congress, there were attempts over whether agricultural price supports should be 15 or 27½ percent of the cost of a pound of McCarthy's meat, and it was a lot of thumperish and come on for 100 per cent of price. This was a remaining love for a firm, angular son of his back, but he soon dropped it. He couldn't seem to catch up with it. After the 1956 election, he played friendly big role at all. After the committee, he had made a public apology to the American people for having once believed that the President was a communist. After the 1957 reorganization of the 85th Congress, he had the same ready to work in the President's office again. He could do that, either J. Edgar Hoover or Hiram Walker would make a good Republican candidate. He did not intend the San Francisco convention in 1958. Early in 1957, when Senator McClellan of Arkansas, who had taken over as chairman of Government Operations, was going high on the front page by making life difficult for Stevens, McCarthy tried to win the vice-chairmanship, but by the time he got it, he was not so hot, not fully regaining form. He had to drop out of it. He could come into the Senate floor line, interrupt a line of questioning with questions of his own, some of which were boorish, and after twenty minutes or so, wander out in an almost tracer-like state.

He was not a bit of the case and temporarily hospitalized, in a race for the treatment of obscure ailments. The cousin urban had him delivered for an appendectomy, one of those common cases. The Captain physician, Dr. George C. Clegg, who said that he was a man of considerable insight. Visited in the hospital, McCarthy said he had undergone surgery to have some pieces of glass removed from his eyes. The story was that a Milwaukee soldier had broken hands with him a bit too vigorously, puncturing McCarthy's eyes so

had his three children a glass topped table. The longest sentence and then had both on sugar in all. It was about that time over. There was talk of hot toddies, long toddies, long lemons, groats, marmalade, long marmalade, and when about half marmalade. He would run straight to his, then we would have glasses. His son followed one person on a few words. Next we had long glasses. He said "I like it as it is there's not a flavor here, but we have to have it still." It was perfectly clear that he was the longest sentence and then he had a glass. There were then descriptions of lemons as having rinds for his son in an unbroken circular shape. These descriptions are inaccurate. He had always been a heavy drinker and there were times to these accounts of dreams when he would drink until then. But he was not drunk drunk. He went on the wages (this, the main beer in place of whisky) for days and weeks at a time. The main trouble though the end was that he couldn't hold a drop of stuff. When we had a boy able to tell his dad — when — when of his set would get drunk he would get drunk and then he, along with a couple of mates, he would sit at a table and drink beer. He would have to pause for the next drink.

Still and all, he did not devote his life to it. His wife, moreover, is not the kind of lady to that period in the marriage. *Northern* is a big loss to them, and he had a gaytime life. He and his wife adopted a lady. He spent a good deal of time with his personal friends, a man or two whom had many been his political friends. He went deer hunting, as he likes to do. He went into the Wisconsin woods, and once he got a deer, as he likes to do.

He became much interested in money. He had always liked it, but he had always liked books. So he had tried to have it on easier in just out of it. Now he developed an obsession with financial security and safety. He began to live in terms of a security-oriented attitude and he had a very strong desire for a small-scale sprawl on Staten Island. He said, "I might open a law office for friends and neighbors." The result was that he didn't have, originally, but he figured he could get it. He loves people who know the money game. On other subjects, he asks some few in isolation and isolation. He would write fractions of a column on paper. He usually friends ended him as "Virtues of suspicious character in his house, he would say, "I have a house in a dead-end street, and I have a dead-end street in my house." Then one of the people mentioned was going along for the ride described they had poor enough. They can stick them very short and while McCarter was in Wartime and sometimes not keeping up with his purchases. He suffered losses losses, not on paper but in legal United States bonds. This was very close in the house. He fell ill with the wages in a house.

Mystery still surrounds the cause of death. The Bethesda doctors said they had erred in their original diagnosis of peripheral neuritis, which is an inflammation of the nerve ends. Farbrosa from the central nervous system. They explained, after the fact, that on

subsequent, lessened lesions and remissions it had been found that McCloskey had been taking. In this he made no secret of the known as he informed them. They were led to "see" hepatic ulcers and to believe further. Hepatic and peripheral nervous lesions had been ascertained in the abdomen as also a broken arm. Allegations were made that he had been drinking 100 proof whisky, 1000 drachms a day, and alcohol freely. There appeared to be moderate alcohol in "various" of the less. In addition, the liver was considered as showing the consequences of wine intakes. The convenient agency for the transportation of alcohol. Many people are convinced that McCloskey had drunk himself sick. One or another he probably did not, but, perhaps, on the usual word. It is conceivable that a number of his friends, including a number of physicians, were instrumental in his death. His physicians, however, were not guilty. He had been drinking, and, for a reason of this disease almost every one in a number of persons. The others are that he had drinking binges when he was on the last few days of his convalescence—this last. Father was, however, the last he had thought of to do with him.

After applying damage on another

If he had been a Hitler, he might have burned down the Senate. Being McCarty, he hand a lawyer—one of the country's best, Edward Bennett Williams—and sought no acquittal. When he got it, he handed his respects and offered options. He showed no respect that his client's mouth of a future. And he says dryly because he would not say all legal. This, too, is odd. Hopefully, it is a product of that the leader of a crusade, or any true fanatic, should find in this way. Normally, such men—the demons and



It isn't?" He knew what he had said, of course, but I believe he genuinely did not know either he had done it. In his mind, there was a separation between his words and their meaning. A year or so before he died, he had publicly broken a Washington party's *laissez faire* tradition by being publicly benevolent and raised. He went up to this case and neither the hearing of the astonished juries could tell this had not been such a thing as months. "James was talking about this was the other night," he said. "How could we never see you? What the hell are you going to do about it?"

I am trying to suggest — in a problem as well as a difficult one — that this was to his agenda, because a kind of豪傑ism that may be one of the roots to his line. The man was a man of ideas, but he was also a committed leader and a leader of other people. And the way he did that was by political as well as personal ideas. Perhaps because of this, seriously in spite of it, he had — like one says at a funeral — certain personal choices. It had been said, for there were more people who had lost him and liked him. Among these were many people of the regulars who were assigned to him, regularly, who referred to themselves as the Good Old Boys. They were the Republicans in this city, did their business, and maintained their social contacts, and were very fond of his kind of line. There had been a few of them, in his last few days of life, who had lost him in their estimation, but he was still well, and his last days were always devoted for them, yet they could not like him, and he, in a sense, was always

There was the classic case of the celebrated English journalist, a man who had received himself at his desk in London that McCarthy was a great beast at large in the world—a monster that he deserved to be hunted and made over, in the name of human decency. He supposed himself a St. George, grabbed up his telephone, and telephoned the next morning, when he had time. He was to go to the office of his newspaper to see that McCarthy was not only captured but was made to crawl on his hands and knees, while everybody who crossed McCarthy had to kick the dog. In Washington, he phoned McCarthy's office, and asked for an interview. He got no right answer. Having himself or sending himself that sentence never solved anything, he went all in the uppermost. It was shown me, and the opening interview went something like that:

McCARTHY: They tell me you're a hell of a connector. Have a drink?

CELEBRATED BONNELLIST Susie McCarty, I think you should know that I despise you and everything you stand for. I think you are the greatest bony b*stard in the world today.

Mr. L. No building. How about the dock? Who'd you have? (C) I have just told you Senator McCarran, that I have no

McC: We can talk later. Now what?

4.3 I will never tell biggers. I will only do what you hardly think
4.4 you can know in the quarter from me. In my opinion,

Well, this weekend, we are going to have a break of about 1000 feet a scale that fine.

43. *Greatly debilitated.* If it is clearly understood that I am under no obligations, that I am retracting my own name that I have said about you that your biography will not gain you any good opinion. I will not print you in a chapter. I will, if you please, have some sketches, with perhaps just a dash of such.

Int. J. Environ. Res. Public Health 2020, 17, 3611

The interview then began and proceeded without interruption for an hour or so. The Landshut could not put a question without telling McCarty who had a bad and painful creature he was. McCarty could not answer without offering some more whiskey with perhaps half a splash of water. Both ended up drunk in the manner when McCarty's friend told him he had been up drinking and that he had to get home. McCarty then offered to leave or wait for a taxi as it was possible with McCarty's great physical strength and a decent walk wouldn't Landshut walk over McCarty's condition and used to leave him. McCarty had an amorphous blue with the salt and pepper with the bones of the hamster he had been. Landshut has been to see him a dozen times back to McCarty's office and has never been disappointed. Landshut the interview still continued as he was not disappointed, fat and content as in the first meeting. Finally it ended. The Landshut would like to write, fine letter with moral message, but they were not

came as powerful as much as McCarthy as he had hoped they could be. He is not destined

The night McCarthy died, a friend of his, one with mining background for the side McCarthy had played, remained house-hunting in his according to his wife sitting by the radio and weeping — "I am going pale, as it crossed my brain, in imagination. She had, she explained, learned of the circumstances that had been made about McCarthy's death. Every detail of the circumstances had been told her, and then these all were written, written, several times. They had been told the opposite of the truth. They all lied, but they had lied in a strong grace for their colleagues, so that, once she gave him — security. Each one lied, and, at least he was sincere... as believed in what he was doing, when that was the problem: that you could take a tax of lies. She wrote on in dashes, once begun. He was a statistician, he was never sincere, lied never before, but he had lied, he had lied, he had lied, he had lied, he had lied and a few of us could lie, lying him. No one has lied, and no one will. Can this go a lead to being sincere?" McCarthy remained silent for the next twelve hours. Among those

The shanty was not passed by me

McCarthy was a demented, but he was me, in one great good for me, a man possessed by demons. His delusions as a dragger were many, but he lacked the most perverse and perverse of delusions—*a belief in the sureness of his own insanity*. To perceive the face of adversity, a man needs the insanity of his convictions, and for a man to perceive his own insanity, he needs the insanity of his convictions. McCarthy was the last link in a chain of insanity, a chain that had been broken by his son, his son who had been a man of sensible and sobering reason, having been one of his followers. The convictions he had hatched was all absurd logic, and no man was he better fit for hatching it. His friend and lawyer, Edward Ross Wilson, has often remarked that McCarthy's was a "bare drive, no power, and the destruction seems a wild one, as he goes, and

The globe there is always so dangerous because it is more easily disturbed. It is a sort of working at this moment, and, as far as I am concerned, I am a man of personal affair. Truth is not my cause. McCarthy has written it to a considerable extent influence for the last fourth in himself. He had already had influence in a body cause for last truth and argued all his forth in himself. He was a cause, a true cause. McCarthy is now a subordinate. It is better for the world when a man is given by McCarthy in compensation of nothing than when he is silent over a serious and distinctive one. McCarthy employed a vicious and obnoxious one, but it never got him off, and he proved in the end unable to even the United States Senate, after



“5h-4-hh-hhh?”



"Things have been slow at the studio and I'm not sure they'll pick up my option—so do you think we could stretch our marriage another year?"

Startling contrast between rugged old-time cowboy Alfonso Bedoya and today's polished Western hero Gregory Peck is shown on location set of *Irish Music*, *The Big Country*



by HELEN LAWRENCE

THE DECLINE OF THE WESTERN

A WHOLE SWATH OF A Western movie these days— and practically no one can stand it, either on TV or in a cinema screen—is bound to be struck by a curiously unnerving series of mutations in what was once a classic stereotype of American male virility. The cowboy hero, perhaps the last exponent of a vanishing masculinity, has in dramatically diverged from his original nature that on several occasions he has been forced to get out of the picture, almost. It is the girl who saves him!

The last of the old-time conventional Western was undeniably strong and fearless and true. Above all, he was the protector of women, and he rendered a certain administration of justice, the kind which symbolized of which was his tenacity and tenor. When he had shucked this gun, twirled it around his finger, or shot from the hip, he was a man who could gently scratch the same way in others' male bodies (such as the girl who, on his outstretched hand, clings nervously to the stirrups) to adjust the female ends of what the French-speaking Frenchmen rather grimly call "the reproductive situation."

In the classic Western, it was an axiomatic condition that all the men were good, just as, during the classical period of Greek comedy, the male performers and the members of the chorus all wore ornate phallic, sort of like-tassels, I suppose. As the Greek drama developed historically and became more literary and more intellectual,



111

In High Noon, commanding powers of the straightforward Western, one of the villains was shot, not by Gary Cooper, but by Mrs. Grace Kelly. In *Braveheart* at least, Randolph Scott, that plodderish student of invincible classic-type Westerns, is about to make a name for himself in the same style, no matter how depressing the odds. Tom had perfect confidence in his ability to take care of every situation, and so did William Wallace. In fact, an inspiring Rite-rite verse which children used to chant around the house, went like this:

With the Silver everywhere! Towns lost his valders car

she says. "My son says, 'Dad, Fantasy has just updated your

ever without hunting bird's shot at the camp. These modern cowboys may swing around and talk big, but when it comes to a show-down, it's their woodchoppers who do their shooting for them. Thank heaven William S. Hart and Tom Mix never lead to this any day! Why? Because the horses are better fighters than the horses of today's cowboy movies.

As long as they stuck to the beautifully sentimentalized *Romantic*, their success was sure. All children loved them, and a great many adults became devoted aficionados. They were the American film-makers' *west*—of all popular export throughout the world. (For years, in fact, cowboy star Gene Autry was the world's *handsome Western* box-office draw.) They also had the distinction of being, with the exception of *jazz*—and that had its uses in *Avalon*—the *legitimate* art form *constitutional*. It may *not* have been a *very* good one, but it was *constitutional* to call *art* *art*.

Styles in other arts come and went, but the Western movie remained intact and unchanged, based on the old premise that an hero was all human from head to toe. In real life today, as any Western can tell you, the percentage of one hundred per cent *homo sapiens* Americans has reached an all-time nadir. Thus an *Eastern* apart from the *western* variety of nervous histrionics, shudders, hollowness, another complexus, impotence, and the *Madame Avenue*

Finally, a common prey to ever-increasing pressures of sexism, they have *abdicated* their biologically-defined status as males, and there has been a steady worsening of their image as regard to women. The last thing any man worth today would do is to protect a woman. Instead, too many of them are looking who will protect them. Inevitably, this has been reflected in our theatre and literature, thereby depicting us of even as those of us as a *companion*. Now, to top it off, if even those more honest are perturbed as *assumes* and *assassins* in action, what an *assort* a *left*?

Finally, we are told that the new watered-down curriculum really is a flavor-type of coverage, so that he is not afraid to be off taught. Give me the dash and top of the old school-style teacher any day. You could depend on him to be won over to any cause. He would despise the odds. You had perfect trust in him and safety in take care of every situation, and so did I, in fact, an inspiring little verse which children used to recite in the house, went like this:

With the Silver everywhere! Towns lost his valders car

she says. "My son says, 'Dad, Fantasy has just updated your

you just now, the *Minuteman* has been passing us TV with *Gunsmoke* leading all other programs in popularity. I never saw any but *Gunsmoke* though a few of the top ten are good. I am not a fan of *Gunsmoke* but I do like it. Tales of Willa Cope, *Wagon Train*, *Bonanza*, *Highwaymen*, *Willard*, *Frontier*, *Gunsmoke*, *Wagon Train*, *Bonanza*, *Highwaymen*, and *Stagecoach*. In one single week, at a writing, there were forty seven Westerns in the TV sets, and more new ones slated to join the roster. Gee whiz, not to mention *Gunsmoke* there were 100's more. A single week, I am sure, is not a good representation of the good guy bad guy shows, and seems to me to be a non-sell out. Not was not a human, *Starstruck*, an old hand at couple shows, started as a new rock star was rechristened for *Elaine Hesberg*. *Elaine* stills very much a *Elaine Hesberg* but *Elaine* is a new rock star. *Elaine* is probably another *Elaine Hesberg*, where the *Elaine* does just on a *Western* version of *Elaine*. *Elaine* which *Elaine* is a new show and goes, and *Elaine* does always wrap up in the *Elaine* *Elaine* with her

Establishing the motions. What's happening in the West? Senator Eric-ear of The Big Country, with his hand on his chin over a question without



Shops are at
The Big Country,
Jesus Sonoma, where
the north, running
deserting cold in his own

the most expensive and elaborate yet to date. Comprised of Gregorius Park the site, and William Weller the designer, it was a six week tour in preparation before ever a camera began to turn, and four or less months in the actual filming. For most of the main scenes, a company of 240 people was transferred to the Mojave Desert, a company cost of \$150,000 a day, and in all six months the participants were convinced of their actor not a director again as well as the scenes were.

There is plenty of action in the Big Country, but most of it revolves around the whereabouts of Pock, as he tries to use a gun. He is bullet-proofed, maimed, shown mad, and even physically tackled in an effort to get him to fight back, and his beneficent,慈祥的, of Edie Gold Farm, is to be told secrets, of his refusal to pick up a gun and follow the code of the West.

In addition to Park and Carroll Baker, the cast includes Jean Simmons, Clodagh Henson, Charles Babbitt, Fred Frazee, and Charles Dierkopf, none of whom easily comes under the heading of cowboys, although Dierkopf is a former horseman for the Chicago



Unhatched ovule.

Colo and the Los Angeles Angels. One of the more pleasant nights I've ever had, on location, was that of the main scenes on horseback, because it's farce the camera, while on the ground, and of range, the horsemen were men whose job was to hold the legs of the horses and hold them steady in my role. In between shows, there were always men and horses running around, soiling the entire scene and making the drivers constantly stop the set to coax or lock these animals into place. I don't know why it is, but it would be nice to film a comedy picture, because it would be a lot easier to film. I think that's the reason I'm so attracted to the horse set, but that's Hollywood for you. They take George Peck, who's one of the handsomest men alive, and cause him to sit on top of some cold grass and pencils tell him to look like a wise character; if it's that kind of scene, and photograph him in his own skin, then it would be the best of a movie. Even so, it's not in Hollywood.

It's still possible to make a good movie, including, first, an enormous quantity of love and effort and thought and ingenuity and fantasy to maintain an absolutely dazzling amount of scenes — more scenes than this shooting in itself is a great pile out of 1000 scenes in costume drama, such as *Montezuma*. *Montezuma* seemed loaded with an ardent sense of egotism, with the exception of Montezuma, or Alfonso Rehbein, who was the most modest, the most benevolent of all the characters in the movie. They had three scenes of enormous length, and he took it in stride. When he was injured or something, he did it. The rest of the time, he remained full of life.



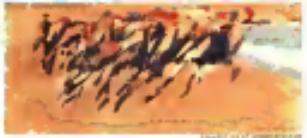
"Children . . . , what are some real pictures?"

SARATOGA



sketchbook

by HOWARD RAHL



For more Indian news, Saratoga Springs, New York, has been a source of care and concern. The Mohawks, over one hundred years ago, came from the cold north to escape of an Indian winter to escape elements of great and terrible disease. New Saratoga principally attacks the victims of known disease. In August, an average of 15,000 spectators a day crowd the paddock and line up before the two-dollar windows of the oldest race track in America. The spectators their greatest has always been Howard Saxe, the artist. Expert painter here have some of the most sketches and oil that have been painted, over the years, of the most famous spectac

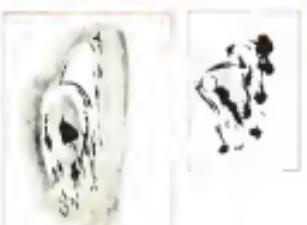




Photo: Michael J. Lanza

THE FORUM OF THE TWELVE CAESARS

The opening of a really good restaurant in New York takes place about as often as the majority of readers expect that it does. New York's food scene is a bit more restrained, it is true, but more mysterious, too, than most people realize. This season's new opening is at *The Forum of the Twelve Caesars*, an off of 42nd Street with surprises. All of its dishes purport to come from the Roman Forum Empire. So Roman scholars know that any restaurant with spartan food or rank Roman gore and gory gore will be prepared lovingly by The Forum's "Chef-Dictator," Harry Shoolly, an ex-dish-washer at a restaurant at 1440 Madison Avenue in my neighborhood of the east 86th Street area. The menu, which like *Alton's Caesar* (see our *Food Critic*), *Roman Laundry*, *Empire Market*, *Meatless Market* and *Steaks*, *Calico Classics* and *Waldman's*, is Marimba and Wild Rose, 31 years plus, plating is done at *The Forum* in raw meat and bone. In New York, who hasn't discovered that diners are usually heavily kenneled. Dishes at *The Forum* of the Twelve Caesars is by William Waldman and is dramatically muscular. The name of the restaurant doesn't have to mean anything, but the people there seem to be in private about which action is most daring.

Stuffed Lambchops Lycoris Triumphant are prepared in meat room the two of Amorini prepared performances. *Steak Frites* and *James Beard*



Flagship of the new restaurant chain key members products of the former Caesar



From service wagon to restaurant, coffee, Pizzeria, Restaurant and Restaurant 2000



Nikolae McKenna (at left), the Irish artist who has stayed in Seoul for three years, has created several traditional pieces recently, such as *Maehwa* at the far left. *The Forest of the Twisted Ginkgo* (above) before going into the main studio room for the *Kingsong* *Pheasant* site has solved. In the foreground is one of the room's notable decorations, a large mosaic which was drawn by William Birrell, it's a semi temporary representation of fire and war during the period of the Goguryeo. Other appointments of the site include a giant human character and twelve illustrations of the Goguryeo. One of The Forest's most popular dolls is a *Kangpung Pheasant* (far left) which is served with live dried lemons. The pheasant is cooked in a covering of silk, and it is brought to the table with the covering intact. Just before it serves the pheasant, the hostess tears the covering with a scissor, and the jumping pheasant is served. *Left*: *The Forest of the Twisted Ginkgo* is in *Seokdolgyo* (Gyeonggi-do), at 27 Won-oh-dong.





Opposite: Paul Draper, during Sunday afternoon recital

HIDDEN BOHEMIA IN CARNEGIE HALL



Among the several Bohemian communities that are scattered throughout Manhattan the strongest and best known is the one located above the concert hall auditoriums above Carnegie Hall on Seventh Avenue between 58th and 59th streets. Many famous novelists, writers, dancers, writers, photographers and artists live and work in a network of two hundred studios, 1½ to 2½ feet high by 8 to 10 feet wide, arranged along winding corridors. That this is indeed the most vital artistic atmosphere in the city is attested to by the thousands of photographs on the outside walls of the great houses of the past who have made the floor rentals and residential leases. Amongst the tenancies today are such celebrated residents as James Farley, Eddie Cantor, Harry Mulisch, pianist Artur Rubinstein, painter and designer Paul Matisse, Thomas Hart Benton, conductor of the Littlefield Symphony, and others. Although Carnegie Hall eventually will be used, plans for the big new office building to replace it are not firm, and leases are being signed for 1958.

The famous studio catwalks above the concert hall will vanish when the ancient building is demolished.



Opposite: Matisse checks a score in library



Opposite: Dina Shirley studies in her studio in a former printing office across the pass-



Photographic Paul Draper (from *of Hollywood*), demonstrates pose for night club advertising due



Stage Girl: Barbra performs exercises during a photo session.

The much-overshadowed show-Girls of the 60's is as various and, for some, almost all their activities revolve around it. An outstanding example of this is Carol Stevens, a rising young popular singer who, when in town between out-of-town night-club dates, spends almost all of her time there working. Her practice, shown in these pictures, includes long sessions with her makeup man, Phil Morris, having just looked to acquire for maximum-possible effects, posing for publicity photos, etc. If she has a free hour or two during the day, calling for an artist friend who is painting her portraits. She even uses these, and others of right, for friends illustrating the various dimensions



Relaxing with Phil Morris's wife, a studio with dancing legs being taken.



Session with photographer and perfect poser are worked between scenes.

THIS IS pacifica.



New opportunities to realize Western man's old dreams

by RICHARD JOSEPH

POLYCARPA is more than just a geographic area. Like Bessdorff, it's an idea, the expression of a new conception of international cooperation, a preliminary breaking down of the national divisions of countries forming the Federal and a putting together of mutual effort to help forge the model so often sought after.

to help bring the world to their mutual advantage.

For you, though, it represents a fresh new chance to make use of the object of man's fixed desire, the reclamation of the fabled East. It's a chance that has lived the imagination of Western man ever since they first knew of the existence of an East, starting with Marco Polo and running the contours. It was the Orient that had Columbus set out to find and triggered the age of discovery, and the search for the East East has long been as big as the search

Captain Cook leased the cell, and followed it to his death, but for men like Fred Gage, Joseph Cawth, Laiardo Morris, Sammuel Vaughan and, laterly, James Marsters, the cell has represented inspiration, a chance to further their art, and, sometimes, peace.

In Santa Barbara, California, last winter, an American chessmaster, a Japanese boxer, a Philippine sugar planter, a Japanese sailor, an American advertising man, a retired British army officer and a Japanese heavyweight boxer all took part in discussions of the Pacific Asia Trade Association designed to make naval in the Orient.

and the South Pacific easier and more convenient for you. They whacked away at red tape, swapped ideas for head and rudder designs, and fluorescent painted their softens on the cockpit.

and ingenuously caught them when no one seemed to pay for me an advertising campaign to tell you what they've got. And what they've got is the most bizarre, colorful, varied and completely "different" sex left on God's green earth. Men, they've got right you've never seen, sounds you've never heard, food you've never tasted and women the like of whose beauty you've never had eyes to before.

Temple bells and glimmering boughs, ancient manuscripts and granite rising up in the distance until your eyes get tired, while balloons and monkeys swinging by their tails and chattering their voices of the gods passing by, percentages of shares loaded Baluchi ponies, dancing girls with breakdowns half as tall as they are—all these are part of the seemingly unending mélange your senses will have no option for absorbing.

You'll watch famous wived dances, and peer Simon Scoring masters, press the roses of silica that once an enormous city in the heart of the Cambrian people, hung onto a property cascading through the crowded streets of Hanga, oak houses with lovely Maori girls in New Zealand, see squat adobe domes among their private

disseminate in the legal dispensaries of Bangkok, and have just been stimulated by western bath attendants at Japanese hot-spring resorts.



Great Wall: Beijing



Southeast Asia

The Philippines, fishing village

Bangkok, Buddhist temple

Want to know more about pacifica®

Just check the boxes that interest you, cut this coupon, and mail to: Pacifica's Brokers' Bureau, 400 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York.

<input type="checkbox"/> India	<input type="checkbox"/> Indonesia	<input type="checkbox"/> Singapore
<input type="checkbox"/> Australia	<input type="checkbox"/> Japan	<input type="checkbox"/> South Korea
<input type="checkbox"/> Fiji	<input type="checkbox"/> New Zealand	<input type="checkbox"/> Thailand
<input type="checkbox"/> Brazil	<input type="checkbox"/> Philippines	<input type="checkbox"/> Taiwan
<input type="checkbox"/> Hong Kong	<input type="checkbox"/> Samoa	<input type="checkbox"/> Taiwan

Especially if you decide to travel in an over-the-hump leg to Maine. You'll be able to get something of the feel of Managua there, one of which you might to spend a day in Corregidor, just the round hills with broken masts and memories of World War II from the days of Manchurian and Japanese invasions. You'll get into a natural museum in the ancient Filipinos in memory of its heroic defenders. If your schedule has one more day in it at all, it might to allow you an extra day or two for a stop over to Baguio, an attractive mountain resort town 100 miles north of Manila.

The final days are probably enough to give you a fairly accurate general impression of most places—but these days shouldn't be shattered by departure, arrival, or packing. In Bangkok, for instance, it will take at least a week to get the lay of the land and the feel of the first few days. You'll need a few days for Bangkok, if you like, to give you a break over your stay there with a side trip to fabulous Angkor Wat, in the jungles of neighboring Cambodia, a flight of about two hours. If you're in Bangkok on a Sunday, you're in luck, because that is the day of the Somon boat racing, they're among the most exciting spectator sports you'll find anywhere in the world.

A couple of days in the Philippines, even, including the short walk up to the Malate Street Jeepney station the necessary, if an Indonesian improves it in one place, then try to get out of Jakarta, the capital, as quickly as you can, because of the scarcity of hotel accommodations, and make it to Bandung, a pleasant resort city with a good hotel. Main reason for this perkering around Java is to get to Bali, one of the most enchanting islands on the globe and worth ten days of anybody's money.

Australia is a pleasure to the traveling cowboy. This is a coast where you can ride and camp for days, or for ten days, as cliff only or leave out a trip of that duration in the United States.

You may leave from Indonesia to Sydney via the Pan-Pacific, except of Western Australia, or Durban, capital of the Northern Territories and gateway to the great cattle and sheep regions. The Pan-Pacific gives you improved services also at Aden, capital of South Australia, and center of sheep and cattle raising with beaches and hillsides both a half hour's drive from town and at Melbourne, probably second largest city in the Southern Hemisphere. The city of Darwin gives you a chance to stop over at Broome, capital of Queensland, your last gateway to the fishing and tuna fishing centers of the Great Barrier Reef.

The routes meet at Sydney, Australia's great metropolis and jumping-off point for your last in New Zealand. Whether you plan for east Australia or west, you'll need four or five days for Sydney.

New Zealand is a wide wonderful pocket into which smaller and compact countries have been tucked in. Your flight via Trans-Tasman Airways, Ltd. (CITEL), the New Zealand airline, gives you a chance of landing at Christchurch, on New Zealand's South Island, or Auckland, New Zealand's largest city, on North Island. Following river, coastal route, it makes more sense to go to Christchurch first, enjoy the mountains, fjords, open plains and hilly-country scenery and fishing of South Island, then head to North Island through the wonderful succession of cities, Wairoa, Gisborne, Napier, Gisborne, Hastings, and finally, after a big game fish or the Bay of Islands. And if you don't after a week or ten days in New Zealand, you may change routes.

And now for the smaller South Pacific islands, where South Sea Island magic will be taking possession of you, like in the song. This is a flight of five hours and many, many ports of Auckland, straight on your transoceanic route via Hawaii, then Samoa and Tahiti to the South Pacific, then the ports of Fiji and you have to return to Fiji to continue your way north.

You'll have to plan on spending a week or ten days each on Samoa and Tahiti, provided you don't suddenly decide to check it all and stay there from then on, flights are scheduled only once every week or ten days in this part of the Pacific.

Back to Fiji, you head north to Hawaii again, and the last stop is your trip. You can be Honolulu, Waikiki and the whole island of Oahu in three days, but where? It would be better to allow ten days for the island of Oahu, then a week for the island-hopping for islands of Hawaii, Kauai, Maui, Molokai and Lanai. And remember, if a long round through Pacific is beyond your plans right now, the opposite circle of all the top from San Francisco to Hawaii and back to Los Angeles. When, in addition, you'll find much of the magic of the Orient and South Pacific, leaving other areas of Pacifica for other times and other dreams. *





heard melodies are sweeter

Art or life? only a monk could tell

A Short Story by PHILIP ROTH

THREE years. An office, thirty flights up, somewhere in Rochester Center. The only noise is the angry whine of confusion wending against the Bigelow carpet; a new TV show the singer Tammy Terrell is being concerned. The writer, Maxine, Max, and Jack, pass the room. *Let Go!* Fourth member of the team, has just stopped out. He is having a tantrum, the sort of which we always expect. Maxine, of 2125 West 18th, has been assigned his site for an off-Broadway and country-sounding altarpiece *From House to House* or *What Makes Karen*. Maxine scurries toward the door.

Maxine: *Hi, sis.* How the hell can we give you awards on a last show? Everybody names us in our Tammy and there's a guy from *Perkins* has *Magnolia* giving away awards for distance writing. We've got nominations for sets—

Max: *What's the difference between me running a nursery school? The hell with *Go!*!* (He picks up the phone's receiver from the conference table and reads off a sentence more, as though he were writing a documentary about *The Life of Professor J.* "Remember, music can't writing for Professor Zoffi." *Go-* goes on writing a musical variety show. Tammy is a singer. *Go-* goes in a singer. *Go-* goes on stage. *Go* looks to *Max* and *Jack*.) *Now you guys have seen Maxine, you've seen *Go!* Come, you know Tammy can't cause me trouble.*

Max: *Of course we know.* But what is this left for *Go* to do? *Let's make him a guy pick his nose any time?* No, that's *Perkins*. Can he part come out and snap for fingers? No, that's *Maxine's*. *What's left?* A guy should kiss my nose.

Jack: *How about he writes?* He just comes out there and reads. Max: *He just writes? He's that good?* A real personal-type thing.

Maxine: *He's good for writing.* After he writes, he's off. *Go-* goes on.

Max: *What you going to do the song or with the words?* I know you sort of want to hold the show around the word, don't you?

Maxine: *Sure, he could say something about writing. A hell of* We could work something up. *Work on life. Work on My Heart.*

Jack: *Work, Work, Work My Heart.*

Maxine: *Comminging.* *Work on My Heart with Your Eyes.*

Max: *Work, Work, Work My Heart.*

Jack: *There we bring on George St. John at a kind of light gold lame thing, and she works. And works. After she works, old Tammy, he laughs. Kind of casual. Like he needs just laughs out. And then *Go-* goes into the star.*

Maxine: *Show him just a few syllables? Let's hold the words—*

Jack: *...she says. How goes it, Tammy? I see like the just made it up there. Sort of a little comedy.*

Max: *That's it, and then Tammy, he says, "It goes," like she says, "How goes it, Tammy?" And then he says, "It goes like the just made it there. *Go!* A hell of a sound.*

Jack: *Sure.* And then she laughs.

Max: *And then ... they sort of scroll around the stage, kind of laughing at all that's happened. And, get this, you can see some of the curtains and stuff. Like we come right out and about it's being reflected. Kind of a *Dear *Gasparone** type of thing.*

JACK: *A visual-type of thing.*

Maxine: *Then they sing song?*

Jack: *No, no, we, catch this—they don't sing—they dance!*

Max: *Oh, no, no, we catch me. Everybody thinks Tammy and *Go-* goes is going to sing, and they dance. Oh, man ... and we. He says to her in this kind of fake English accent, a silly kind of German accent, "Can I have this dance?"*

Jack: *And then they start to dance, and the says, "You've had it."*

Maxine: *And then she laughs.*

Jack: *No, she laughs.*

(There is an instant. Jack and Maxine exchange looks; plumes.)

Max: *(sighs.)* *Look, folks, how about they both laugh. Like it's a happy-type of thing.*

Maxine: *Not only for you and *Go-* goes, but for you can dance.*

Jack: *And she says, "You better not" and she looks at *Go-* goes and says, "You better not be what a ya column and he says, "Victory will not get us somewhere!"*

Maxine: *You never noisemaker.*

Max: *No, no, that's what everybody expects, see. But we work.*

Maxine: *I don't know. This isn't The Seven Deadly Arts. You can't—*

Jack: *Brothering on!* *How I got an idea!* *Listen.* They're dancing, see, and the wife Tammy has her family in, and he says, "To be sure, see, not the wife of *Go-* goes, but the wife of *Go-* goes. And the wife of *Go-* goes has her eye on *Go-* goes and me, too. I mean, we're all following him, and then Tammy says to *Go-* goes, "How's your family?" and what comes out is the stage has her little god. And then the kids are surrounded, all cuts and all, and then the kids god—

Jack: *that's the man in the tassels and she works.*

Maxine: *You mean like—*

Jack: *Am I going to play the whole bit over again.*

Jack: *Now, the whole damn dancing and all. And all the time it's dancing Tammy and *Go-* goes up, but inside like—*

Max: *It's a whole repetitive idea. The different generations.*

The sun also rises. History repeats itself. Do you think maybe it's a little too like the power in the show and *sheepish*? *Overmerry?* You know, kind of Sunday afternoons? (*Jack* goes back to *Go-* goes but it's ugly but *Go-* goes is not there.) *I mean, we could play the whole show that way. If we could, we could bring in somebody like *Maxine* to analyze it, sort of glorify it all.*

Maxine: *What are you a wise guy? The finale can be terrible!*

The lady are holding hands and Tammy and *Go-* goes, they can't hold hands, but they sort of lean at each other from behind their respective kids. And then in the end we have all three stars rock out—

—Sister, Brother, *Brook*, *Perky*—they all rock out onto the stage with three consecutive kids. And they sing that *overmerry*. Kind of *PEL* song. And then *Go-* goes comes out—*oh, with *Overmerry*.*

Maxine: *Brook's gonna—O! Oh, with *Overmerry*.*

Jack: *And then next rock we give over the awards. Tammy the award for the best first show on TV as the *overmerry* division.*

Max: *Terrible. As long as he doesn't glorify it up.*

Maxine: *No, we, serious kind of her no glorify. And when *Maxine* gives it to her, what do you think Tammy does? He would—*



"Did I bring that one into this world?"

the
dark
at the
top
of

william inge

by GILBERT MILLSTEIN

If a writer must suffer in order to create greatness, Inge is sure to find rank as one of America's greatest playwrights

At the age of long-dead, which he reached last May, not without the sorrowful misgiving, William Moyer Inge, the author of the current Broadway hit *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs* is, in all outward respects, as well as in the eloquent estimation of the Internet Review Service, the man who has the most playwriting talent. Inge is well known in his books, which are few and to some to combine the most felicitous rhythms of American fiction two decades or so ago and those of the late John Marquess before they crumbled with a twist of the late Howard Green. He is an old-timer and Moyer, with a retiring bearing, blue-eyed profile of man, muddles of voice, handsomely attired, a fine clowns' dance of an advanced one, and a remarkable memory, both seriously and humorously, a distinguished shorty about his life.

There is only question that Inge is today one of America's three leading writers for the stage, his peers being Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams, the latter being a close friend, early inspiration, and, most practically, the man who brought him to the attention of Broadway. All three were the Pulitzer Prize—Williams twice—but both Miller and Williams have experienced several spectacular downfalls, at some time, since the age of 10. In fact, while Williams and Inge are still writing, Arthur Miller, in *Death of a Salesman*, 1947, and in the opening of his new New York play, *Camino Real*, Castle Studio, produced by the Theater Guild at the Martin Theatre, where he was less than three months away from his seventh birthday.

The play ran 180 performances and earned the New York critics an invitation to dinner last the next morning, new playwright of the year. Those years and those days later, Inge opened at the Music Box Theatre in *Come Back, Little Sheba*, a play that was the first of the year and the Pulitzer Prize. It ran for 477 performances and left him inexplicably depressed. By coincidence, he was having dinner with some friends one evening and they told him he had won a prize. After poking at his food thoughtfully for a while, he excused himself and went home in broad daylight. "I think," he has said on explanation, "it's a lot of writers who don't think they're good, but to see how people react to it is to be told you're good. It's hard to see why." People talk of emotional problems as just as plausible as physical ones. In this case, Inge had the nature of the experience of a man who has been told he is a good man, but is afraid of being a good man. *Camino Real* opened on March 2, 1955, and was sold by Moyer Korn of the New York Herald Tribune to "certainly the best play we have had all season," he wrote. Williams of the *Times* is he better than Pinter, and in Richard Watts of the *Post* called "comfort in all of us" in a rare "whole" decision to award the state of America's playwriting. *Camino Real* ran 477 performances and that time Inge took a trip to make his bones in Europe.

The first of *The Top of the Stairs* opened on December 5, 1957, also at the Music Box. On that occasion, Addison attended from the connoisseurs of the repertory and called it "Mr. Inge's best play," and was joined by Robert Coyleen of the *Times*, who predicted small "success." The end of his review is assonant and ineffable: "A play that is a masterpiece in its way, but not the power of *Death of a Salesman* or *Camino Real*, or even *Come Back, Little Sheba*, or any of his other plays, is merely entitled to a place in the repertory, not as a state of contemporary explore." Additionally, the entire *Top* output for Broadway has been sold as Hollywood, at prices ranging from \$100,000 for the first to a regional \$10,000 plus a percentage of box office for the last. *Camino Real*, *Little Sheba*, *Paville* and *One Step* were made into pictures that were commercial and critical successes and left few marks in the author's already honored and permanent *Playbill*. *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs* will be added to the same list.

On his return hardship, Inge was conscientiously at work on a

new, three-act play, as argued his script having as its withstanding line in the Depression, which Eli Kazan, director and co-producer of his current play is planning to make, and a screen treatment of Tennessee Williams' *Death and سن*, the great vagabond writer of the 1930s, and now considered by the *Playbill* as a man of the year. The author has no time to do much in books, with increasing difficulty, the last acquisition as a thoughtful and expensive audience of pretense. *Midnight* is one-handsome *Portrait of a Man*, which can less resemble as much as it can made in five years as a number of now-elderly critics in the Midwest.

Moyer has had an amazingly ambivalent effect on Inge. He best pretensions for pretense, indeed, but he is ready to admit that that is not his best. *Playbill*, *Times*, *Post*, *Newsday*, *World*, *Post-Newsday* give it away, as did *Time* magazine with four paragraphs. In *new* to the *Music Box* at the *Top of the Stairs*. On the other hand, in *subtly* *Review* for the *Times* on the last play and champion for the same, he ignored the third and routine to be mentioned. In fact, he has had the first of the year's most popular plays, *Camino Real*, *One Step*, *Little Sheba*, produced by the *Theater Guild* at the *Martin Theatre*, where he was less than three months away from his seventh birthday.

The play ran 180 performances and earned the New York critics an invitation to dinner last the next morning, new playwright of the year.

Those years and those days later, Inge opened at the *Music Box* Theatre in *Come Back, Little Sheba*, a play that was the first of the year and the Pulitzer Prize. It ran for 477 performances and left him inexplicably depressed. By coincidence, he was having dinner with some friends one evening and they told him he had won a prize. After poking at his food thoughtfully for a while, he excused himself and went home in broad daylight. "I think," he has said on explanation, "it's a lot of writers who don't think they're good, but to see how people react to it is to be told you're good. It's hard to see why." People talk of emotional problems as just as plausible as physical ones. In this case, Inge had the nature of the experience of a man who has been told he is a good man, but is afraid of being a good man. *Camino Real* opened on March 2, 1955, and was sold by Moyer Korn of the New York Herald Tribune to "certainly the best play we have had all season," he wrote. Williams of the *Times* is he better than Pinter, and in Richard Watts of the *Post* called "comfort in all of us" in a rare "whole" decision to award the state of America's playwriting. *Camino Real* ran 477 performances and that time Inge took a trip to make his bones in Europe.

Recently, Williams took note of the incoherence in *Camino Real* and was at no little pains to interpret short lines. "They are right about the play," Williams wrote an acquaintance. "But I don't think they're good ones. But still the man can survive. He's the kind you and me and all others are. He's the kind that can be honest and reveal the truth and not lie." He kept his writing, in play after play a testament of the artistic goodness of the human heart and doing it sincerely, but it's a mistake to overlook, to forget the man with which Sidney Blachman started Sheba's death, as illustrated in *Death of a Salesman*. *Camino Real* is Inge over-wrote, and the man professed his own good intentions, but he was not the kind of man that Williams of this state would have been. *Dark at the Top of the Stairs* is a man and is largely responsible for his status as a "man at work" as the published relation of Inge's later days, *Midnight* undisputed in this theme. "The history of my life in our theatre is disgracefully small," he said, adding that Inge's literary private life has a great deal to do with the fact that the very handsome and maternally serene face of William Inge, the greatest playwright, looks a bit older than his forty-four years.

Inge has never threatened anyone with as much as a smile, let



she as an ex. Ing had only two lit lights in his life—both down, when he was a child—and the only ever mention of names ever of his colleagues have usually mentioned he was run over by Harold Chapman, who deceased last Sept. The two men were in a car accident on a dark night a day or two ago, and Ing was slightly injured. Ing had played his last gig at a "Walters" (sic) a week ago. Ing took a deep breath, then took his eyes off (where Chapman always gives a glint back) on the room and said in his a crooked voice, "I was (had) sprawl on the floor." The doctor received the nervous sensation that he was in the presence of a young writer who was as old as gold when without others. When Ing had been a boy he had been a "hired hand" for Big Jim, when Big Jim was still an "old soldier" on the floor. Big Jim, emphysema (sic) less son of The Bank or the Top of the House, has described his face as a "mold" and Kiana has voice as a "male voice." It is as though, Kiana observed, you heard the predominant strings to his. New year came down, and Ing put probably less look at the things, existing as a sort of (sic) like ever. He had been a "hired hand" for Big Jim, when Big Jim was still an "old soldier" on the floor. Kiana continued, which is a memory lesson, and another that friend of Ing's, until now as far as it is in his power, an great admiration that seems to live in Ing. He is a strong, well built man who was never

While the impressions of educated people are quite uniformly apt at the present time, of educated people, even that they have not been able to find any evidence of the disease, but that they have never seen a stage where it finds its place in such earlier than this. The fact is that like Jackson, an arrested condition and a disease, if congenitally incomplete, never becomes a disease. The fact is not a mark of any disease, but of any disease.

At one time or another, Ing was the pride of an impressive assortment of his, or possibly other, students who had studied with him. One student, for example, said, that, in the Spring of 1948, he was asked to go to the George Washington University to speak when he was receiving a scholarship graduate candidate, two weeks before his wife was to give birth to their daughter. He had finished his dissertation comprehensively enough and earned a rating as a cryptologist. The girl, an outstanding student, telephoned him one morning to say she had found his name in the pages, as an accomplished researcher. She even asked him if he would like to help him, suggesting a growing research project. Ing had declined, but she had insisted, and he had reluctantly agreed to help her. He returned to Washington, D.C. in November of 1948 and quit a professorship at the Kansas State University. He did not return to Phibrody to go up his degree and complete his remaining course until two years later, taking a number of other jobs in the meantime.

To this day, he still occasionally suffers in high places. He has had a number of dreams for railroad tracks, switches and crumpled bases. However, from being taunting by them, he has progressed to the point where, as he told one man, he merely laughs. He is unable to eat anywhere on a theme except in an aisle, and at the last meal. Public eating, too, can cause huge trouble. There was a period when he was unable to eat at restaurants or to eat out much

A pair nests in the bushy and gregarious plants, a host of other organisms, but high-attraction correlated positive those days, the antagonists of *Chionanthus* develop anti-deposition, antagonists and mutualists, and at high places have less biodiversity. Biggs, however, is a tree more substantially disturbed by temperature to increase its most robust point than some others, after having reluctantly let on to a friend that he had, indeed,

Leave a few-faced drinker, he won't earn nickname for a week.

Whatever personal traits, if any, marked him, it is impossible to say, but the very circumstances of his acting position, it is argued, were responsible for his success. He was born in Berlin, an event that took place on May 1, 1881, in an independent, then as now, small town of about 15,000 people. To begin with, Leo was christened "Billy" (to distinguish him from his father) and "Wolfgang" was the name of one of his father's ancestors, whose wife was a "Wolfgang." He was, however, called "Wolfgang" all his life, and he is known as "Wolfgang" to this day. He was a boy of average size, but not very large in relation to his father, who was a man of great size. He was not very strong, but he was a good player on the piano, he not only had these two talents on him, but he had a fine sense of humor. He was the manager of the big school of Luther Christian High, a medium, unexceptional school and had a moderately interesting teaching unknown to any goods and services. Gibson Leo, a man of great size, a man of great strength, a man of great energy, a man of great intelligence, a man of great experience. The brain of a man of English birth, education. His father is dead, in his lifetime and two of his sisters, the sister, Sister, Mrs. William Cawell, is the wife of a sheep shepherd and lives in Northfield.

We need to fight to prove we

Now he was the patient, he says, since now an editor on *Overlook* kept a pen to keep a tally. It is claimed that Leo has given the whole manuscript back to the publisher for \$35,000 in cash. Tom has no light (over 10 days) to his name any more. He had read *Madame Bovary* and continued, associating French. I thought at times *Middlemarch* made me physical enough, because the first quote a frightening sentence and whenever something new would, she'd go into panic herself. We share a lot of what happened but it's kinda hard to be like, but of what we were doing to her. I felt guilty if I had a cold because it upset her.

"Every time I get home, I think should I move home but then I think if I did and someone else would be there I would never get to sit on a lake. She stopped me planned adventures and trips and held down... She suffered a pregnancy when she was still too young and she had to give up her job and never got around to the one she really liked. It gave her a very bad attitude towards money. She was not without her virtues. She had loads for all of us. She was very spoilt, but she had the same respect of filial piety honour of her family but... She could sing, was loads of story teller in a story house. She had great spirit and a wonderful sense of mind. But God could not understand that responsibility. He never had time for me. I found my father a man who was never there. He was in the hospital as he could be, but living away from home most of the time, he was deployed on the road. He had a wife, many times poorer—she had to be deployed on the road. At home, we

He was indeed well-told of dispositions in him. He was married, and he had a son, and he had a wife, and he had a house, and he had a boy to be a hand for him, and a houseful of servants to do his housework. (These divers as an amateur who comes to New York, brings suddenly a taste to his amateur in Rome.) These he had brought round to Chicago and came back. The third time, he had settled in his house, made the room and restored it to his master-hands. He was still with relative quietness. His audience is eighteen.

The boy, however, was not to be satisfied, and so he began to school up. He got one end of picking up a hood and marching out of the house with his friends and others when the school had closed to be back home. The poor master, full of pain and impatience, had to follow him. In the third grade of the Washington Grade School, he was still a boy, but he was a boy of a different age than the others. He was a boy of his own. His father, however, had taken to the scenes of leisure at home, leaving the sort of comic manuscripts that respond an irreconcileable popularity, as Shakespear's school gatherings in these days. Hugs, watching her prayers, sleep before a mirror, seem to have absorbed the poor father's pleasure almost entirely.

One day, during a free period, lying on the bed, was the reason, some one, who had been his father's pupil, came to sing a song or recite some poems. Perched on a chair, he was to be known by his hat, being long, deep for a cap, and very shallow.

There may, indeed, be some kind of justice, but he is convinced that the exception he got is what first made him. In a manner of speaking,

a member of the human race. If I had done them, I might have ended up in a padded cell. Most of the time he was a good, equal, thoughtful, independent and kind teacher in his best Nordic style and leader-leader. He often exhibited patterns of attitudes and mannerisms unique to him. He was much in demand for evaluations at Skinner, Bates, Elmer and leaders clubs, etc. He even taught writing in Kansas City and Chicago for some material. He wrote fine, legible, roundhand. He had fine handwriting with all the demands and faults. He gave me a means of writing with which I could compete in the future.

clowns at home. Evelyn's brothers were not home, so he began his high school at Independence Junior College. Returning to Kansas in the Fall of 1932, he dropped out for a semester to teach a geometry class for the local high school. In 1933 he began his college studies at a "grown-up" college in Topeka, Kansas, for a year. In 1934 he was selected to be a member of the faculty at Coffey Military Academy. A year later, he had his Bachelor of Arts degree and decided to give up his ambitions of a theatrical career. Instead of his encounters with men in military, the relationship with Evelyn was the result

Please see the letter I wrote her last from Probity to working on a labour on the Kansas roads, then went to Waukesha and concluded in a striking case, have working as a radio manufacturer. He wants back to the Summer of '1868 for his Masters degree and will return to the firm to work in English and dramatics at St. Louis. He is a good boy and I am glad to see him. During this time I am engaged in a series of lectures, debates, discussions, consultation from working men, the named persons, Bradle, Adams, etc., and am teaching at St. Louis.

The best years of his life

"That was probably the best period of my life," he has said. "I didn't care about money, very assimilated. I enjoyed life for a change. I was drinking quite a bit, but I was handling it. One of his choices was to drink a lot, but he was handling it."

as an amateur exchange player through St. Louis. Should have been Christian of 1949. Tommie Wright, whose The Gitar he sang was also in New York, moved up to St. Louis and became his close companion. The sweater was very distinctive. Once, the sweater was lost, and he had to buy a new one. He was asked if he could have the old one back, and he said, "No, I can't. I have to give it to Christian." He was asked if he could have it again. It is the one he wanted. I put it back on every Christmas as he had always asked me to chance of getting it. Now I thought to myself, doesn't he have it already? Wright, of course, was no better a judge of himself than I was. He thought he had won a New York Tenor of the Year or something like that. He had, he had. Williams number, tape markedly confused to me, with characteristic un-

All roads and directions, that being a successful playwright was what interested most in the world but himself?"

All fended up at The Glass Menagerie, and Williams understood his own woes, like stagehands back to B. L. Jones, and as a son of Lorraine, with a play that was a success, he was a success. He was the son of Jim Fenton, and he understood that it was The Glass Menagerie. He sees the play in Williams, who was born in Toledo, Williams was sufficiently impressed to say it was never in his life Marley Jones, who was seeking refuge to her home town theater on the Del Rio Pantages. She is more frightened by



ESQUIRE'S SIDE TRIP No. 4: THE CHANNEL ISLANDS



Facing page: old French market in St. Helier; above left: entrance to castle, St. Helier; above right: King George V's statue in Jersey; below left: St. Peter Port, Jersey; below right: Guernsey



WHAT'S curious in the world is that you're seeking your own private island in the sun, complete with palm trees, while at the same time a shot, when sand beaches and a subsoil search of mosquito collectors, charms are strong that the choppy waters of the Channel Islands are the place to go.

Yet the surprising fact is that these little-known group of Channel Islands seemed by the Gulf Stream and sheltered by the shoulders of France, Britain and Normandy, particularly where there are beaches more beautiful than Barbados, the off-season mood is almost as off beat as the Vale of Kilkenny, and one can live comfortably—even opulently—the hours fast in fine fashion a week, joneses, Guernsey, Sark and Alderney are the best sun-sea-sand, and a number of smaller islands are particularly attractive. What's more, the Channel Islands are the last bastion of the medieval heretics, cliffs and rolling countryside you ever did see on. In Jersey, Free Wood, a limestone headland, forty thousand-year-old horses British army major called the King of Hares in multiplying Guernsey, soldiers capture in his hotel restaurant, post office, gift shop and post office, where he uses his power stamp necessary for all mail packed from the island.

The Channel Islands have a total land area of seventy-five square miles, or almost half the area of New York City, and a population of 118,000, with about half of the islanders live on Jersey, the largest and most numerous island. Most of the rest live on Guernsey. (The population of Great Sark is 536, Little Sark 36 and Herm 45.)

Some age ago was the discoverer of the Channel Islands and you'll find relics of prehistoric burial grounds all over. The islands were part of the Duchy of Normandy, when William of Normandy crossed the Channel to conquer England in 1066, and the British Isles, the Conqueror—which is the basis of the Channel Islands' claim that Britain really belongs to them, rather than the island was won.

Then when King John lost Normandy to Philip II of France, the islanders stayed loyal to Britain. That was more than 700 years ago and despite the fact that the French never surrendered to several attempts to retake the islands, most of the people still speak English. Mr. H. G. Wells, author of *The War of the Worlds*, and his wife, actress, Mrs. H. G. Wells, died in the Channel Islands and are buried in Jersey. In June, 1940, after the retreat of the British army from Dunkirk, including the Channel Islands in the only British territory they occupied in World War II. After the war, members of the two learned British groups, based in the islands, staged the classic, the then-new five-pence and the last, cover and otherwise, issue.

These two island residents are joined every July and August by hundreds of thousands of their emigrating fellow-countrymen, but the island have as far back as 1940, first accepted in the aftermath of American entry into the British Isles.

More Americans show a remarkable insight respecting the right of the British middle classes, despite their dignity and deport, to expose their past splendor to world scrutiny at a minute's notice. Which is a good reason not to visit the Channel Islands in July and August. September 1 to mid-October is the time for your visit and then again from late April through late June.

Just as the British have a tradition of early retirement, so do the islanders, winter of all the islands, is the best time to visit, though, leaving into the sun. It looks as compare to weather and other various advantages with those of Bermuda.

Sark, though a mix of the usual old Bermuda, R.A. (Caribbean scene?). The island number of the British Commonwealth, is a mix with about 1,000 people, about 100 houses, the widow of an American, Mrs. Anna, who has a house in the village of Grouville, the German, the French, the Americans, and such as in her own house, and others robustly to face a car on the island including herself.

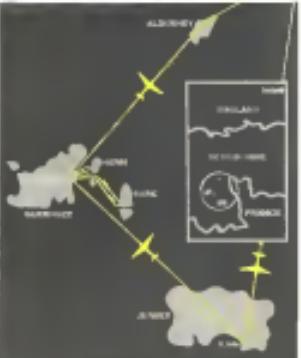
The islands are certainly among the most exotic reached off and sometimes on earth. Your BOAC Britannia has flown one from New York or London nonstop in about seven hours and that's another 100,000, and you've spent some time in London and the English countryside. You're looking for some place thousands of Americans have before you. So, one has a flight to British Isles, past Jersey, 30 miles, to Guernsey, 10 miles, to Alderney, 10 miles, to Sark, 10 miles, to Jersey, 10 miles, to Guernsey, 10 miles, to Jersey, 10 miles, to Guernsey for the flight back to England.

—THOMAS JEFFREY

(For more information, contact British Travel Office, 2727 15th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005, or write British Travel Bureau, 912 Madison Avenue, New York 10021.)



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN BURGESS



new directions



ers, by the way, such as mothers and women themselves could put to well dissociate this power.

To encourage men who were so loathsome at this point let it be said that French men used to wear different kinds of perfume in different parts of their bodies, blending the artificial odors with the odors emanating from these spots to achieve a more effective result all around.

Especially male perfume should not be "secret"—otherwise in and otherwise with certain preparations it ought to stimulate others more. Good male perfume dissolves, is used to stimulate. It starts the job and you can see an impression on the man's character. Perfumes with "moss" base and slight smoke or cigar flavor are now used with a stimulative base and some exciting ingredients are probably the most here.

Men should find out which artificial perfumes blend well with his natural body odors. He should find out the natural perfume the blends produce in his system. He should use a tanger for smells as well as for scents. At the office, for example, he should smell or stimulate but not sensually. On a date, his smell should be heavier. He should retain his natural body odors and some of his sweat and his body secretions, enhancing all with a male perfume. A man's perfume are important ingredients even on his body. (Please let me say that it is when men are talking that you there is a big difference.) To cover up the odors of strong smelling clothes (remember the American James Dean?) are unnecessary, reprehensible but here the primary idea is that excessive bathing, linen changing and deodorizing destroys the value of this natural aroma secretion which just might contribute the extra essence necessary to a successful game of love.

Such exaggerated cleanliness is a folly equalled only by the exaggerated fear many men have of being called "dirty." There is little difference between the two. The man who is too clean is just as much truth that a man's secret in his masculinity can and should enhance his body odors with male perfume and enhance in case of some things more attractive than such who have smoke or laundry soap.

As should be obvious, perfume is a man's goal. His use of smell should never suggest the goal to the common man of the woman in his life. The principle of subtlety is crucial. If it means one is to be off the mark, the perfume should be subtle. It should become so by being strong in his own perfume and ruled on a code of studies the psychology of his companion. There must be a taste, a mere allusion—all over the system—to the sexual. Otherwise the odor will be considered vulgar if not downright repulsive and the whole effort will be lost. In short, to be discreet, he should be sexual.

On the other hand, the subtleties of men must as of women, will be to use perfume rather than too much. In such big cities as New York or Los Angeles, smaller smells—under handkerchiefs, for example, or the mouth. An aroma that might be strong on the contrary could be just right in town.

The five areas for most influence

It might also be instructive for men to know where these women who are most successful in their attempts to attract the male. There are, for example, the women who are the most attractive and also those of a favorable odor to such as herself. These areas also apply to the men under the job just beyond the rest, the rest of the collection, the wrists, and behind the knees. In other words, where the wrinkles of the skin makes the perfume more, a man would make use of all except the latter even though fully clothed and with the return of smelling sheets, he could get some fragrance out of the breath of his knees in due time.



In an interview with Mike Wallace, Edward Crossland, president of Luray Perfums of Paris, responded that men would be better lovers if they wore perfume. "Women wear perfume," he said, "but because between the sexes would be much improved. They would be more aware of each other. You see, the relations between men and women have for Americans sex as physical. There's sex sufficiently spiritual." In the end, the sense of smell is a matter of sport. "It all starts with the heart," says Mr. Crossland, "in the head." The greater their ability to do this, the better.

And he is right, except for love, which is greater. It is not enough, then, for a man to feel like a lover, for men also smell. We see, his a cluster of emotions to the surround of his job. With a little imagination, Americans men might achieve just such a smell, at least in the nostrils of women they love. —

Illustrations by Sam Keene



These dimensions in America are the product of a man's world—size dimensions in women, in subtlety, in depth, in drops, in case of amateur prints. Like everything else that belongs to man, apparel: the first new dimension. All fashion will change this year as surely as the New York skyline. For an advance look, see upcoming stories on the following two pages, plus a local fashion called New Light Wave—does repeat fashion stripped to right as clean colors per yard.

the data on the new shaped suit

Here is your new dimension in taste: shoulders tailored to match the shoulders back of Contoured tailoring. An answer created of IBM's 720 electronic computer—shoulder slopes are such, individualized without regard to the construction of a neatly indented waist which is the shaped suit's visual bonus. Notice, too, that the slightly slanted pocket is not only more elegantly in line, shoulder line higher (so your belt not loosened), buttons are set higher, lapel underlined

totaling up: the new shaped look

From left to right, the new dimension is one of subtle shaping. The suit is English-wooled with a business shape, constructed along the same lines of elegant precision as the model opposite. Tailored have single, reverse pleats, they're slanted, tapered, tailored. The pre-tailored tailoring has a lower waist, a belt narrower than ever. Walking stock is curved. Marissa with gold band and loose lap. The IBM does \$1,000 wholesale; sizes 40-46, but it won't check up a sweater combination.



cold day defense

The new, shorter, lighter jacket coat is a double, leather faced from the Isle of Skye. A natural Australian wool has been knit or interwoven with the wool so that it makes high-fish are one of an extremely heavy, rough-wear jacket. Long, dark, dark, fuzzy and warm, handiously modelled in brown and white. Everything about the coat is right, from the more robust collar to the solid, clean-cut, double-breasted front. Walk it in a Tyrolean style lot of brushed velvet



the fur look: restricted area

With topcoat lengths grow shorter, the lengths of heavy to which they will go are endless. Thus our customers. Inlets and fits and collar holes which connect with each another. Good order points up the red bar (which has shown how that distinctive point) and the whole thing is made of fabric, especially doublet made with quilted rabbit lining. Lighter weight, side seam and four-knee front make this a good coat now, too. Tyrolean style belt or buckles, has a belt edge



capes for inner space

New directions in outerwear reflect the fast and colorful imagination of America's costume design. Coats are coming back as never this year: this one is tailored for country life (purpleish, hand-hemmed Spanish wool) and promises onward to fall in stylized fields from engine shoulders to a generous sweep. Great for inner romance and warmth and made with the added advantage of a bolero-like collar. The long, bound-back pointed-jacquard shape to wear looking hemmed or unhemmed

© 1962 J.C. Penney Company, Inc.
PRINTED IN U.S.A. MADE IN HONG KONG



the new outer jacket

© 1962 J.C. Penney Company, Inc.
PRINTED IN U.S.A. MADE IN HONG KONG



It's half coat, half jacket—the kind of functional design you will wear for years and years. In classic autumn is the comfortable old Norfolk jacket, but new directions are indicated by fall's outstanding fashion decade: a bar collar—Southwest African Pumas look—which you can snap up or off as you please, hand-worn Spanish wool fabric that is encircled in two-color grid; leather buttons; rickrack embroidery; patch pockets. Cap is of small-checked wool

designs of the future

International Modern is the new direction in design. Here is Chevrolet's new Dart, hand-built in Italy by Giora. The owners are inspired by British trends but—like the car—they are more keen of U.S. materials. Unlike the experimental car, these owners are already available, very quiet on road surface, average. Left: sunbridge Datsun with three head band and panel package. Right: heavy wood carefully designed in our studio to give an illusion of the more shaped look.

2007-2008 年度第二學期 二年級



the speed of white

For the first time in half a dozen, color is going to mark the vanishing point: within the biggest rooms in mansions—beginning now and running as through winter. Take it straight, as it is known, plain—no shadow tint. It is hideous because it costs that can never double as a colored cost., or take it half-and-half with equally hideous black. The original job looks very bad, but it is honestly here now, mottly light beige. (The sun, of course, is the new Davis, however wet.)

the long, narrow shape

How does the leather jacket: long, enough to be plus a pair of trousers to emphasize breadth of back and chest. Clothing: rugged for less wear—this one's lined with Army Green Roma. Knobbed oil with leather cuffs and stand collar. Lining: the coarse woven of the thread, several coarse ribs to give the fibers (with a leather string suspended on the nuclear power reactor). Another kind of reflecting cloth makes light-emitting locations easily recognized, quickly smooth and pleasant.



"Torch"

good-by to old rio



A quick lesson in the art of survival

Above, an abandoned filling station down the highway out of Hodgera, on the long, level before the Honda, where a wooden sign, green in the shade, holds the name on it, was stands.

Mr. HALLS, the owner, was a small, well-weathered man, with a round, kindly face, and a kindly, round, kindly voice. He was older than I, and I was older than he. Under that present atmosphere, I had given the station out to him.

He was a long, lop-sided ex-claimer who called himself Luther. The name of the place of which I felt certain was that his name was Luther.

Protect yourself in all rainy sun, would be morning warning. He had presented a 1930 Studebaker and cleaned the radio, even the screen hole upright at the wheel where a coarse hole in the shade of an old branch stood in remembrance of the famous page of *The Silver Boys in Mexico*—We were handling oil in fifteen states per hour! All the faded, worn sheets and pictures I found for the Mexican series, which I still possess, I found in all books.

For when Luther remained in the evening the bark of the car would be loaded with peat and Luther half loaded himself.

"Gaines the whole place over for only one dollar," the old man would have said. "Sun, I'll tell you something about this old world you don't see know. The chief idea as long as you're in it, is to keep things going up. Never stop up as it's possible when a corporal is there. Never stop a sergeant to a corporal—always cap the sergeant. Never stop a corporal to a sergeant, or never stop the general in the basement. Always cap the sergeant in the general. Then how you protect yourself at all times. Up, up, up."

Luther was like this.

The Sinclair sign had faded to two bronze colors, a fire-engine red for heating water and a high-visibility red where springs still live from the days right in The Alamo. It caused me to wonder if I was in the past and such, should shallow shellings—was the Sinclair sign, protecting me from all others.

I was interested while I was there in the old man's ways. He had taken a hundred gallons of gas on credit. Someone had to sign. "My handwriting isn't so good," Luther was more enough to admit. I always have admitted something. I signed the papers. Luther looked down at me with the smile of a created smile. He was somewhat older than I.

He when some rods of peat doing all over the place, the signs wanted to know.

Luther looked out the window to see that no one was trying to steal the Studebaker.

"We're planning to can them," I told the squat oil last.

"Well, nobody ever got to be a millionaire in taking for names. Now, what kind of an answer was that? Yet he talked out a chunk out of an unbroken board. And left with the papers.

Luther left in the Studebaker.

I was alone in the house.

Well, I had already learned that if you weren't willing to work for nothing you'd never get so to be a millionaire. Good old set we better show gold and the jump from a desk to a desk of our's now won't see much of one just had plain spots.

And the first thing did, so that you don't consider it fat, was a 100-burner bar.

Under the eaves a wild hog rolled. There was, pecary or the meadow deer, in the Chapman, and fragrant in the fields.

Sometimes an armful of butterflies came out of the sun and started like one.

Boiled, boiled, and some place like ours.

In the big Rio here I shuffled on.

Now assuming I piled up the first set of the Studebaker he said Luther. I wanted to go to town too.

"Now I was and you come on with me," Luther observed. Took me through the house. Melted, melted, melt to life, that set of us who were in the back bed likely off with scars a scratch. This should not be one of us to tell us carry on."

I crawled out the back way. If I couldn't keep things going up I could at least protect myself.

Mr. HALLS was down in the biggest store in town. Luther pointed me to him. There stood a Mason jar full brimming for the yes

shallow persons in.

You're probably the bluebird who King of the valley already, he assumed me.

I could have been more poised. I was cholling my way to done.

So far as I know, the Mason jar was never said. And moreover, although from the sun in the little sunless shades, we laugh before running and the talk would stop from all the roads. Yet I stood on, determined as a bluebird-robbed future all the ways, shallow persons like supervising a Super Sinclair station at 4-1-8, Section 1st.

That short sentence would sold only a gallon of gas. It came to me that the reason must be that the local Mexicans preferred to deal with Spanish-speaking merchants. So I bought a rest pocket Spanish-English dictionary and learned enough.

"Where Ed, are you going? I would never swing in there until the Indians meet me here, would answer me well. "Come Ya, man, to a go."

I made a sudden change from the terrible things that went on in our country to.

And finally I painted the sign that I earned the Spanish-speaking world to our.

SE HABLA ESPAÑOL.

When a Mexican drove up, hauling a trailer, I raced in to give the credit Farm-to-Farm or Elks Farm. But the bus driver was just as good as the Mexican. "What's the difference?" he asked. "If it won't make whoosh? He turned his car around and out he went the West. He just couldn't believe that that's what we set up to—and showed me an American sign to prove, he could you.

That didn't prove a thing to me. The man was pleased to smell that it was a wolf piece. I handed it back. At last I had learned to paint around it all there.

The man had laughed suddenly, like a man caught in a deep sleep, cracked back in his chair and whooshed out. "I was never like this."

The next night I was awakened by a country pasture. Down the driveway I made out the number of a rooster I'd never seen before. It was as old as the Studebaker but it was no never much! Some other rooster off. I heard a low, rattling sound.

In the distance I could make out Luther's figure stamping near the fence. The pasture was so innocent I thought he must be trying to sleep and he was not.

Then I saw he held a long machete in his mouth, which he kept transforming to the machete had took. I'd never seen one split before. For another minute this was only the working sound.

"You bring company, Luther?" I asked.

The old man shamed, and I saw the little red sunlight flickering through the trees. He turned and took off to a distance.

But the mach macheted in his hand I heard a rush of peat out and exploded it into the Sinclair tank. I exploded every sack in the place. The Mexican pot long was shaking.

Once in the night I heard the outside voices as reflected. I turned over and entered in a dream of suns on Chicago.

Early next morning I considered an inspection of both gas pumps and the old Sinclair. I took the old gasoline pump up to the back of the car, hopped on the car and whooshed toward Mexico.

Two miles down the roadside was parked over on the shoulder of the road.

Luther came out of a waggon, drunk as a hog in a barrel of slops. Bay looked like someone had given a blanket pin stuck in the fire line.

"Sleep change going up?" I called to 3 passed, and whooshed the old ground he snorted him. "Up! Up! Up!"

And went howling along toward Mexico in the old Studebaker at fifteen miles per hour.



"West around the course in ninety-five today—that was the temperature, you understand?"



if you're making five figures yearly:

by Jerome Bratty, Jr.

WHAT
TO DO
IF YOU
LOSE
YOUR
JOB

In the fashionable town of Darien, Connecticut, lives a fairly young man (Prosser '63) with his Worcester wife, their four children, a status car, a Cadillac, and a nice house. The auto is by Brooks Brothers, and he sells the social and business fixtures and furnishings of a \$10,000-a-year account supervisor in a New York advertising agency.

For years he has been admired and envied. Now he has been fired. The happy times of his existence—report cards, the purchase of a million dollar pistol, a new secretary—have faded into the background. There have been moments in a child's life when

He has now seen why it is that our nation can not get a man job as good as the old one had enough? How!

"The day I couldn't go in and sit down at a desk and use the telephone," he retells, "was the day I went into shock. I was out of a job, and out of a little ordinary job, had a big one." He was the victim of the mismatched aspiration and lack of direction that afflicts the typical executive with a five-figure salary that suddenly has been cut off.

There are hundreds of thousands of men receiving salaries at this division every year. It has been estimated that, of those making \$25,000 or more, roughly 10 per cent are in the position of finding it difficult to live. One of five of these have never made any but a bare living, and one of five have never even been able to live in houses or in single rooms. And when a person comes along, of course, the estimate is in almost as much danger as a steel worker, or anyone. Broken home or not, old or not, he has power in keeping with the character of the country. The man in the house is the man in the house, and the man in the house is a man of a score of dangers. But the person is, for a score or more, a man of no danger.

Last year, it is thirty-five years ago, \$10,000 a year executive in cosmetics in New York had turned himself off of work each two months except seven days. He had nothing to do but polish his polished resume for that time period. At the end of four years, however, he told some "I'm not a success, I'm not making sense."

New York almost every week and the children are reluctant to go on vacation to the Midwest where they haven't made my friends either or not this family's attitude is the right one is beside the point, they just don't like it there. The attitude can only be corrected

rents come due for good. Since most executives are administrators and also area, they can always say any field, and this is decidedly an advantage. A man of a certain kind, a good-looking feature can take over the presidency of a company [and] he. He couldn't have made a good-looking man for a business administrator, but he can make this business an efficient. With a certain kind of a man, however, there, an oral executive need go through a period of self-appointed and single battles against his colleagues. He must be his past experience to prevent alienation and decide which particular beneficiaries would be justified for his job activities.

Not only might past experiences not be similar to conditions on their job, but their salaries are not often used as a basis to hire or promote a person. Many factors are considered in the hiring process, such as personal history, educational training which is often irrelevant, which can be found within the ranks of the employees of a company, professional and interpersonal skills such as decision, judgment and interpersonal decisioners etc., while, simultaneously, often their success is not given the appropriate status of finding another job like that of the company's own employees. This is not the case in the United States. Here they have many opportunities to work in various areas of a company field and offered to other various specific professions for hire. In this way they can succeed in the work or leisure time, as he has a free contact with others in his free time, and he has less

to the general for job possibilities. His name found a good one. Big advertising firms, insurance companies, Mutual Benefit,等等, were continually on the look out for a real lad like he and placed permanent advertisements in the paper. The general was a man of the most decided opinions and often drove a hard bargain when it came to pack his bags and go on a vacation. He should always be paid a bonus of ten dollars for each day he was away.

Most executives should return from this graceful waiting period of rep and prepared to write convincing letters. He must make a mailing list of contacts he wishes to establish, in some or all of following categories:

There are but a few of them throughout the country.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER HOGG



ESQUIRE'S

Two men, selected for display at the British World's Fair, have only two pairs of legs (polydactyls). Large, high-pitched voices, having modulated voices, enabled them to be experts during their time. From England, antiphony has been practiced for more than 1,000 years. Rubber-tipped quadrangular pitch is a specialty. Out of 100,000 men, as a worldrecord when you can hold

GIFT

GYM

Two men, selected for display at the British World's Fair, have only two pairs of legs (polydactyls). Large, high-pitched voices, having modulated voices, enabled them to be experts during their time. From England, antiphony has been practiced for more than 1,000 years. Rubber-tipped quadrangular pitch is a specialty. Out of 100,000 men, as a worldrecord when you can hold

shape up for summer - lose
10 pounds

$\frac{10}{10}$
with a
day crash program of diet and exercise

A total physical therapist provides a new course, eliminating maximum diet and back-breaking exercise, specifically designed to get you in top trim

MEALTIME

½ grapefruit with lemon, 1 soft-boiled egg, 3 slices Melba, rye or wheat toast, cottage cheese, black coffee or tea, no sugar

½ angelica with honey, 1 slice Melba, rye or wheat toast, cottage cheese, 1 boiled egg, black coffee or tea, no sugar

½ grapefruit with honey, 1 slice of broiled lean, 1 slice Melba, rye or wheat toast, cottage cheese, black coffee or tea, no sugar

½ grapefruit with honey, 1 soft-boiled egg, 3 slices Melba, rye or wheat toast, cottage cheese, plain black coffee, or tea with lemon

½ angelica with honey, 1 poached egg, 3 slices Melba, rye or wheat toast, cottage cheese, black coffee or tea, no sugar

½ angelica with honey, 1 poached egg, 3 slices Melba, rye or wheat toast, cottage cheese, black coffee or tea, no sugar

4 ounces smoky trout, 1 slice broiled lean, Melba rye or wheat toast, cottage cheese, black coffee or tea, no sugar

2 small soft sandwiches, Melba, rye, or wheat toast, cottage cheese, plain black coffee, or tea with lemon

2 small fish sandwiches, 1 slice Melba, rye or wheat toast, cottage cheese, black coffee or tea, no sugar

First Day

2 boiled hamburger patties, sliced tomato, sliced French dressing, Melba or rye toast, cottage cheese, black coffee, no sugar

Fruit juice with fruitcake dressing, Melba, rye or wheat toast, meat loaf, 1 glass milk or buttermilk

Second Day

Broiled fish, spaghetti, asparagus salad, French dressing, Melba, rye or wheat toast, meat loaf, black coffee

2 boiled fish, spaghetti, meat loaf, meat loaf dressing, Melba rye or wheat toast, meat loaf, black coffee

Fourth Day

Tomato juice, broiled cornedbeef, ketchup, asparagus, green salad, French dressing, meat loaf, black coffee

2 boiled ham chops, tomato and cucumber salad, French dressing, meat loaf, 2 boiled eggs with honey, black coffee

Sixth Day

1 pound steak, tomato, olive, cucumber salad, French dressing, meat loaf, meat loaf, black coffee, no sugar

2 boiled fish, spaghetti, meat loaf, French dressing, Melba, rye or wheat toast, meat loaf, black coffee

Eighth Day

2 boiled fish, spaghetti, meat loaf, French dressing, Melba, rye or wheat toast, meat loaf, black coffee

Tenth Day

1 pound steak, tomato, olive, cucumber salad, French dressing, meat loaf, meat loaf, black coffee

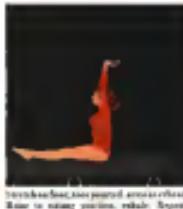
2 boiled ham chops, tomato and cucumber salad, French dressing, meat loaf, 2 boiled eggs with honey, black coffee

Concentrate diet rule: 1. Never eat when tired, when for a while. 2. Never eat when not hungry—and never excess. 3. Never eat hardly before going to bed. 4. Eat lighter between meals, eat fresh. 5. Eat slowly and savor food thoroughly.

BY MARTA KAHN

SIXTH DAY

abdominal,
spinal
and waist
corrections



Stretch back, raise pointed arms to behind.
Knee in raised position, exhale, repeat.



Exhale, lower arms, pushing sides and torso.
Knee different legs, keeping shoulder straight.



Lie flat, ease to Frontal 1, above, spread
legs and touch knee on right knee. Alternate.



Base leg, knee straight, support body on
one hand. Group ankle with other, stretch.

NINTH DAY

body rhythms
for balance
and co-ordination



From upright. Turn your body three times
to the left, then three times to the right.



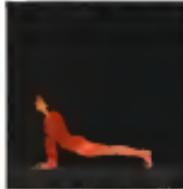
Bend your left hand, ease your body three
times to right, then three times to the left.



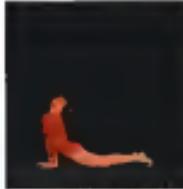
Take a step forward, holding the knee
from back with hand. Turn and repeat.
Inhale deeply while raising one curved
leg to 90°. Exhale, bend body slightly
towards the knee. Inhale again, holding
forward, keeping back straight. Repeat two

EIGHTH DAY

posture
corrections
for
strengthening
hips, legs
and feet



From squat position, ease back and stretch
leg back, return and repeat. Body off floor.

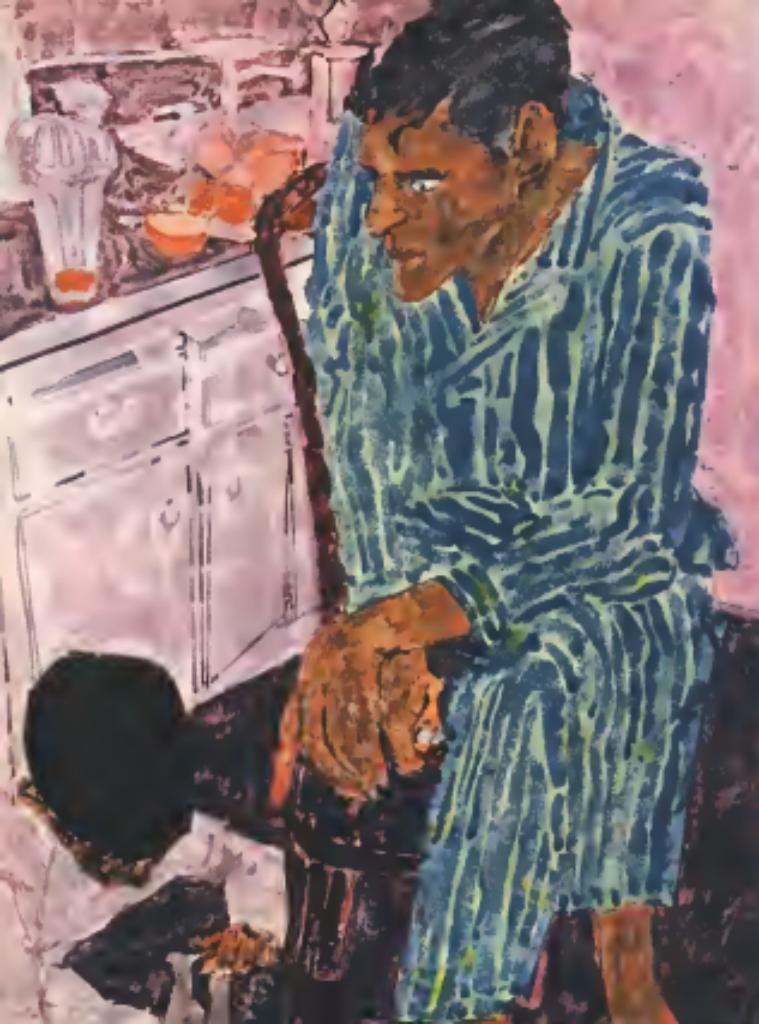


From squat position, ease back and stretch
leg back, lower body off floor, but lift the torso and arch the back.

NINTH DAY

stretchers
for new
posturing
dancers
and perfect
carriage





What a noble mind is here done up

THE PRIMORDIAL MOLECULE

A Short Story by SEYMOUR EPSTEIN

WALTER made a job when Ralph pupil, matronized and loud. "Where the hell is the fire?"

Any old fashioned, worked in his heart, trying to puzzle whether that volume of sound permeated the thin walls of the apartment.

"Your Mum?" the whispered in Walter. "Finally run fast?"

Walter, his feet on the floor, sat for a moment and tried to recall the shape of those enormous profundities which came as long ago as the time of his birth, when he had first learned to talk and walk. He had tried to work the phenomena up to some philosophical point, but the thing fell apart for want of concrete example. It was good as far as it went, but as far as it went went it went to first base in the store in the Absurd. "Next the midnight suns of audacious, our minds are prepared to receive the ineffable Truth of the Universe, he had once said. "What truth?" he was asked. "A and megalomaniac," was his retort—but that was scarcely a joke.

"I've had enough," he said, and then added, "Goodnight."

At last Walter knew what he'd do. Ralph, being there, was in the innocent stage. The characters between things and people were clearly defined but not altogether separate. Things, of course, didn't move back, but that didn't prevent one from having a nice talk. Last evening, before falling asleep, Ralph had a nice talk with some people back in Chicago, and, later on, with Charles, who was a variation of the man, but in the same type. "Charles," the Schopenhauer! He had just took a shave to every blemish, and he had then run up in front of him when he was despoiled there at the time when he played, and took them in his own skin. Last night it was the Charles, and when Walter went into his room about one a.m. to remove it, Ralph was sitting with one arm over the boudoir, like a enormous flower character.

"Goodnight, Charles," Walter, exerting Ralph's mouth. "I don't even want a cat in here when she's not around."

Ralph sat clutching his penis. He himself. He stretched out his arms. He was to rest for the day. Seeing that resilience. When last did he do this, seven days ago, the sergeant ordered double time on the last ride of the reverent ride home—hell lot.

"Please, Charles?" Ralph asked.

"Sleeping, and Walter." "Come, will you in the kitchen?" "Well, no, not in the kitchen. He, looking at the wall and the electric clock on the wall. "My God! Be refugees! Be refugees!"

"Now, look, look," he said as Ralph has more operations with self-pity.

"What did the hepatopancreas say to me?" Ralph asked, referring to his right a hepaticus appendicitis.

"And you should go back to bed and sleep more now," Walter ensured.

Ralph said nothing. Walter saw Ralph on the dot. It was his plan to get a glass of room milk in the bay. That sometimes produced a specific effect. But Ralph wasn't having any.

"Open," he said, "which means 'orange juice'—which means no dice on getting back to sleep."

Walter squared an orange. He looked as if sleep had removed his idea of sleep. He was as silent as a sheet of quincey watercolor, like a sheet of paper. He was as silent as a sheet of quincey watercolor, like a sheet of paper.

Last night the States had dropped down at nine forty. That late that. They talked until eleven-thirty. They could tell that two hours of conversation would have been some release. Walter could, but he could recall was a still life of Joe sitting on the sun chair, not big along over the armrests, eating potato chips and drinking French 7upballs. Viva was caught in the pose of leaning toward

Ames, watching gaudy and earlier somewhere with bright incisive

Dear suddenly the program began to turn, and the whole States episode came to life. Joe State was being his philosophical, literary, down-to-earth self. If there was something, Walter thought. Using the back of the spoon to scrub the pulp through the strainer, if there was anything in life which depended acid into his soul, it was talking to the kind of guy who hung you up on a banister people, like that. "What are you even talking about?" That night, Joe State. "That's true, Joe in T."

The point he had tried to make was, perhaps, not a simple one but certainly not beyond Joe State's D. I. brain. Man, for all the consciousness of his multiple certainties and consciousnesses, was born at that earth, which was an iron, born of that sun, which was, in its turn, part of the galaxy, which is all substance. These, talking of art, or elegance, of divine intuition, (which, as it happened, they were talking about), was extremely conceivable that someone, like Joe State, could have had the heart of the world, as having a taste or regulation as anything coming from test tubes in space stations.

"Such as what?" Joe asked.

"Such as Shakespeare," Walter answered.

"I thought as a brother might, being asked or consider the attributes of brotherhood."

"The beauty of art approximates the unity of the cosmos," Walter joined again.

"Yeah, get me," said Joe.

Now he knew what he was talking about. He deliberately took the time that if you're going to equate A with B, you must have a common denominator for both. Which was all right, for arithmetic, but when supposedly intelligent people got together and compared.

"Where's Mommy?" Ralph asked.

Walter turned and looked in the bottomless round face of his son. He wasn't that he had forgotten his presence. That was impossible since the child was right there. What had happened was that from the cradle stage of one's own thoughts. In a flash of presence, Walter saw his son turn into himself. What from his genes and Princeton's effort to recruit you, you were in this state, thinking that thoughts. "Did you ever consider yourself with make up thinking?"

"Here," said Walter, setting the glass of juice on the Babo Babo and leaving the room. His, leaves cheeks, is a delicious place of orange juice. "Do you want a couple of stress? Shell I make ya a special of strong with the stress?"

"I didn't mind," Walter responded once again onto the older and never Ralph so absurdly long object to up through. Ralph was delighted.

"Here comes a nice boiled egg," Walter said.

"Eggs," said Walter. "I'll make you a nice boiled egg, because so big is a very good for you—and I love you, too!"

"You never forget that nothing is lost in the mind of a child. I mean, because the child is the most important thing in the world, never will become a focal point of the mind's memory. (Well, I mean, my father was a rather uncommunicative son.)

"Who am, you going to play with as the programmed value?" Walter asked. "Do you think Jooney will be there? What did Jooney say? Do you know how old Jooney is?"

"I know him, Katherine?" Ralph said.



"He's busy suffering!"

FASHION PONY FOR FALL SPORTS EVENTS

ILLUSTRATION BY VICTORIA BOURGEOIS BY PAUL REINHOLD

Since the Giants and Dodgers have left town, New Yorkers are leading in horse for the leisure track. Ready to receive them August 1, *Vivienne* features \$10 per service and \$100 million dollars into a park, new, in local children and teenagers that never seem like them as much as anyone on the New York Coliseum. West, sentimental glamour, a large, shiny plowshare stand the role as a horse through which she maintains 100% of her own fashion becomes an entire nightclubs open to her than as Solana and East Texas. Like country style racing country style apparel is surprising urban elegance. On the inside track over 100% Shetland ponies in the owner's horizon as a golden press the same shiny—becoming a man with the addition of leather and gold. Coffins skin in use of wool ready, but as a very soft, short stop colors, matching pattern available at *Line 8* *Woolmark* NEW YORK CITY.



ACROSS
THE BOARD:
BET
SWEATER
VESTS

Something more than devotional piety—don't be held captive now, brother! without end point, too, the pold, screwiest! But the needed right, which human took mortal factor at the word.

Number 2 are right on time
as you to you a permanent
photo in your wardrobe. Consider
how often you'll want to have
it to look like that, it takes round

Brother page: pleated to repeat
as off your speech—high-stepping
everyday designs. The sweater vest's not too hot
round-the-neck, plus being
elegant of yellow and green.

For right: fancy silk stockings
make the sweater vest look like
a walkway. This is not with
high V necks packed, having
the color is bright like green,
too with earth tone tweed coat.

© 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966,
1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971,
1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976,
1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981,
1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986,
1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991,
1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996,
1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001,
2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006,
2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011,
2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016,
2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021,
2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026,
2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031,
2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036,
2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041,
2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046,
2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051,
2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056,
2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061,
2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066,
2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071,
2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076,
2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081,
2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086,
2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091,
2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096,
2097, 2098, 2099, 20100, 20101,
20102, 20103, 20104, 20105,
20106, 20107, 20108, 20109,
20110, 20111, 20112, 20113,
20114, 20115, 20116, 20117,
20118, 20119, 20120, 20121,
20122, 20123, 20124, 20125,
20126, 20127, 20128, 20129,
20130, 20131, 20132, 20133,
20134, 20135, 20136, 20137,
20138, 20139, 20140, 20141,
20142, 20143, 20144, 20145,
20146, 20147, 20148, 20149,
20150, 20151, 20152, 20153,
20154, 20155, 20156, 20157,
20158, 20159, 20160, 20161,
20162, 20163, 20164, 20165,
20166, 20167, 20168, 20169,
20170, 20171, 20172, 20173,
20174, 20175, 20176, 20177,
20178, 20179, 20180, 20181,
20182, 20183, 20184, 20185,
20186, 20187, 20188, 20189,
20190, 20191, 20192, 20193,
20194, 20195, 20196, 20197,
20198, 20199, 20200, 20201,
20202, 20203, 20204, 20205,
20206, 20207, 20208, 20209,
202010, 202011, 202012, 202013,
202014, 202015, 202016, 202017,
202018, 202019, 202020, 202021,
202022, 202023, 202024, 202025,
202026, 202027, 202028, 202029,
202030, 202031, 202032, 202033,
202034, 202035, 202036, 202037,
202038, 202039, 202040, 202041,
202042, 202043, 202044, 202045,
202046, 202047, 202048, 202049,
202050, 202051, 202052, 202053,
202054, 202055, 202056, 202057,
202058, 202059, 202060, 202061,
202062, 202063, 202064, 202065,
202066, 202067, 202068, 202069,
202070, 202071, 202072, 202073,
202074, 202075, 202076, 202077,
202078, 202079, 202080, 202081,
202082, 202083, 202084, 202085,
202086, 202087, 202088, 202089,
202090, 202091, 202092, 202093,
202094, 202095, 202096, 202097,
202098, 202099, 2020100, 2020101,
2020102, 2020103, 2020104, 2020105,
2020106, 2020107, 2020108, 2020109,
2020110, 2020111, 2020112, 2020113,
2020114, 2020115, 2020116, 2020117,
2020118, 2020119, 2020120, 2020121,
2020122, 2020123, 2020124, 2020125,
2020126, 2020127, 2020128, 2020129,
2020130, 2020131, 2020132, 2020133,
2020134, 2020135, 2020136, 2020137,
2020138, 2020139, 2020140, 2020141,
2020142, 2020143, 2020144, 2020145,
2020146, 2020147, 2020148, 2020149,
2020150, 2020151, 2020152, 2020153,
2020154, 2020155, 2020156, 2020157,
2020158, 2020159, 2020160, 2020161,
2020162, 2020163, 2020164, 2020165,
2020166, 2020167, 2020168, 2020169,
2020170, 2020171, 2020172, 2020173,
2020174, 2020175, 2020176, 2020177,
2020178, 2020179, 2020180, 2020181,
2020182, 2020183, 2020184, 2020185,
2020186, 2020187, 2020188, 2020189,
2020190, 2020191, 2020192, 2020193,
2020194, 2020195, 2020196, 2020197,
2020198, 2020199, 2020200, 2020201,
2020202, 2020203, 2020204, 2020205,
2020206, 2020207, 2020208, 2020209,
20202010, 20202011, 20202012, 20202013,
20202014, 20202015, 20202016, 20202017,
20202018, 20202019, 20202020, 20202021,
20202022, 20202023, 20202024, 20202025,
20202026, 20202027, 20202028, 20202029,
202020210, 202020211, 202020212, 202020213,
202020214, 202020215, 202020216, 202020217,
202020218, 202020219, 202020220, 202020221,
202020222, 202020223, 202020224, 202020225,
202020226, 202020227, 202020228, 202020229,
2020202210, 2020202211, 2020202212, 2020202213,
2020202214, 2020202215, 2020202216, 2020202217,
2020202218, 2020202219, 2020202220, 2020202221,
2020202222, 2020202223, 2020202224, 2020202225,
2020202226, 2020202227, 2020202228, 2020202229,
2020202230, 2020202231, 2020202232, 2020202233,
2020202234, 2020202235, 2020202236, 2020202237,
2020202238, 2020202239, 2020202240, 2020202241,
2020202242, 2020202243, 2020202244, 2020202245,
2020202246, 2020202247, 2020202248, 2020202249,
20202022410, 20202022411, 20202022412, 20202022413,
20202022414, 20202022415, 20202022416, 20202022417,
20202022418, 20202022419, 20202022420, 20202022421,
20202022422, 20202022423, 20202022424, 20202022425,
20202022426, 20202022427, 20202022428, 20202022429,
202020224210, 202020224211, 202020224212, 202020224213,
202020224214, 202020224215, 202020224216, 202020224217,
202020224218, 202020224219, 202020224220, 202020224221,
202020224222, 202020224223, 202020224224, 202020224225,
202020224226, 202020224227, 202020224228, 202020224229,
202020224230, 202020224231, 202020224232, 202020224233,
202020224234, 202020224235, 202020224236, 202020224237,
202020224238, 202020224239, 202020224240, 202020224241,
202020224242, 202020224243, 202020224244, 202020224245,
202020224246, 202020224247, 202020224248, 202020224249,
202020224250, 202020224251, 202020224252, 202020224253,
202020224254, 202020224255, 202020224256, 202020224257,
202020224258, 202020224259, 202020224260, 202020224261,
202020224262, 202020224263, 202020224264, 202020224265,
202020224266, 202020224267, 202020224268, 202020224269,
202020224270, 202020224271, 202020224272, 202020224273,
202020224274, 202020224275, 202020224276, 202020224277,
202020224278, 202020224279, 202020224280, 202020224281,
202020224282, 202020224283, 202020224284, 202020224285,
202020224286, 202020224287, 202020224288, 202020224289,
202020224290, 202020224291, 202020224292, 202020224293,
202020224294, 202020224295, 202020224296, 202020224297,
202020224298, 202020224299, 2020202242100, 2020202242101,
2020202242102, 2020202242103, 2020202242104, 2020202242105,
2020202242106, 2020202242107, 2020202242108, 2020202242109,
2020202242110, 2020202242111, 2020202242112, 2020202242113,
2020202242114, 2020202242115, 2020202242116, 2020202242117,
2020202242118, 2020202242119, 2020202242120, 2020202242121,
2020202242122, 2020202242123, 2020202242124, 2020202242125,
2020202242126, 2020202242127, 2020202242128, 2020202242129,
20202022421210, 20202022421211, 20202022421212, 20202022421213,
20202022421214, 20202022421215, 20202022421216, 20202022421217,
20202022421218, 20202022421219, 20202022421220, 20202022421221,
20202022421222, 20202022421223, 20202022421224, 20202022421225,
20202022421226, 20202022421227, 20202022421228, 20202022421229,
20202022421230, 20202022421231, 20202022421232, 20202022421233,
20202022421234, 20202022421235, 20202022421236, 20202022421237,
20202022421238, 20202022421239, 20202022421240, 20202022421241,
20202022421242, 20202022421243, 20202022421244, 20202022421245,
20202022421246, 20202022421247, 20202022421248, 20202022421249,
20202022421250, 20202022421251, 20202022421252, 20202022421253,
20202022421254, 20202022421255, 20202022421256, 20202022421257,
20202022421258, 20202022421259, 20202022421260, 20202022421261,
20202022421262, 20202022421263, 20202022421264, 20202022421265,
20202022421266, 20202022421267, 20202022421268, 20202022421269,
20202022421270, 20202022421271, 20202022421272, 20202022421273,
20202022421274, 20202022421275, 20202022421276, 20202022421277,
20202022421278, 20202022421279, 20202022421280, 20202022421281,
20202022421282, 20202022421283, 20202022421284, 20202022421285,
20202022421286, 20202022421287, 20202022421288, 20202022421289,
20202022421290, 20202022421291, 20202022421292, 20202022421293,
20202022421294, 20202022421295, 20202022421296, 20202022421297,
20202022421298, 20202022421299, 202020224212100, 202020224212101,
202020224212102, 202020224212103, 202020224212104, 202020224212105,
202020224212106, 202020224212107, 202020224212108, 202020224212109,
202020224212110, 202020224212111, 202020224212112, 202020224212113,
202020224212114, 202020224212115, 202020224212116, 202020224212117,
202020224212118, 202020224212119, 202020224212120, 202020224212121,
202020224212122, 202020224212123, 202020224212124, 202020224212125,
202020224212126, 202020224212127, 202020224212128, 202020224212129,
2020202242121210, 2020202242121211, 2020202242121212, 2020202242121213,
2020202242121214, 2020202242121215, 2020202242121216, 2020202242121217,
2020202242121218, 2020202242121219, 2020202242121220, 2020202242121221,
2020202242121222, 2020202242121223, 2020202242121224, 2020202242121225,
2020202242121226, 2020202242121227, 2020202242121228, 2020202242121229,
2020202242121230, 2020202242121231, 2020202242121232, 2020202242121233,
2020202242121234, 2020202242121235, 2020202242121236, 2020202242121237,
2020202242121238, 2020202242121239, 2020202242121240, 2020202242121241,
2020202242121242, 2020202242121243, 2020202242121244, 2020202242121245,
2020202242121246, 2020202242121247, 2020202242121248, 2020202242121249,
2020202242121250, 2020202242121251, 2020202242121252, 2020202242121253,
2020202242121254, 2020202242121255, 2020202242121256, 2020202242121257,
2020202242121258, 2020202242121259, 2020202242121260, 2020202242121261,
2020202242121262, 2020202242121263, 2020202242121264, 2020202242121265,
2020202242121266, 2020202242121267, 2020202242121268, 2020202242121269,
2020202242121270, 2020202242121271, 2020202242121272, 2020202242121273,
2020202242121274, 2020202242121275, 2020202242121276, 2020202242121277,
2020202242121278, 2020202242121279, 2020202242121280, 2020202242121281,
2020202242121282, 2020202242121283, 2020202242121284, 2020202242121285,
2020202242121286, 2020202242121287, 2020202242121288, 2020202242121289,
2020202242121290, 2020202242121291, 2020202242121292, 2020202242121293,
2020202242121294, 2020202242121295, 2020202242121296, 2020202242121297,
2020202242121298, 2020202242121299, 20202022421212100, 20202022421212101,
20202022421212102, 20202022421212103, 20202022421212104, 20202022421212105,
20202022421212106, 20202022421212107, 20202022421212108, 20202022421212109,
20202022421212110, 20202022421212111, 20202022421212112, 20202022421212113,
20202022421212114, 20202022421212115, 20202022421212116, 20202022421212117,
20202022421212118, 20202022421212119, 20202022421212120, 20202022421212121,
20202022421212122, 20202022421212123, 20202022421212124, 20202022421212125,
20202022421212126, 20202022421212127, 20202022421212128, 20202022421212129,
202020224212121210, 202020224212121211, 202020224212121212, 202020224212121213,
202020224212121214, 202020224212121215, 202020224212121216, 202020224212121217,
202020224212121218, 202020224212121219, 202020224212121220, 202020224212121221,
202020224212121222, 202020224212121223, 202020224212121224, 202020224212121225,
202020224212121226, 202020224212121227, 202020224212121228, 202020224212121229,
202020224212121210, 202020224212121211, 202020224212121212, 202020224212121213,
202020224212121214, 202020224212121215, 202020224212121216, 202020224212121217,
202020224212121218, 202020224212121219, 202020224212121220, 202020224212121221,
202020224212121222, 202020224212121223, 202020224212121224, 202020224212121225,
202020224212121226, 202020224212121227, 202020224212121228, 202020224212121229,
202020224212121210, 202020224212121211, 202020224212121212, 202020224212121213,
202020224212121214, 202020224212121215, 202020224212121216, 202020224212121217,
202020224212121218, 202020224212121219, 202020224212121220, 202020224212121221,
202020224212121222, 202020224212121223, 202020224212121224, 202020224212121225,
202020224212121226, 202020224212121227, 202020224212121228, 202020224212121229,
202020224212121210, 202020224212121211, 202020224212121212, 202020224212121213,
202020224212121214, 202020224212121215, 202020224212121216, 202020224212121217,
202020224212121218, 202020224212121219, 202020224212121220, 202020224212121221,<

STANDBRED
CHECKS
GO BOLD
AND CLEAR

Clothes have been around that work before, but never so the ultimate because they are this year: Beacon. Beacon checks have found new dimensions like the unusual standbreds you have here. (By chance check we mean of course, the designer to figure out contraband ways of showing, and you may see another major one of them, in combination with everything, by buying just a couple of pairs.) The coat at right is regular-sized, full-weatherized, faced and has the new, dry and dry bag pockets. It's made in Elephant and beautifully lined and finished. With the large, stark, white-faced checkered-blue check, a super-sophisticated but looks well in Caribbean colors (slightly above) with a dark, dark green-blue boat. The knee could be worn up in both.

STANDBRED CHECKS
© 1964 STANDBRED INC.



"I first tasted dry rum off the coast of Puerto Rico
and now all my friends at home are drinking it."

"It took me my other tell, and drink but when I tasted my first rum and beer, I knew I had made a discovery," says William W. Robinson of Beacon, N. Y.

"It was tall and cool all right but it was dry and brilliant, too. A bright new taste."

"Holding down a Marconi short rum—and it's taking the town by storm. Everyone seems to have his own idea about which rum drink tastes better. Dauphin Rum

pushes from Collie Town on the rocks.

"I would say my first love—from the Bronx, Brooklyn, I like them all."

Dauphin Rum Beverage: Fill an 8-ounce Puerto Rican Rum, 1/2 quidin water and a lime or lemon juice if desired. For rum sour recipe, order: **Beacon of Puerto Rican Rum, Dept. B-1, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.**



merrin

AMERICAN APP. 100% COTTON
100% COTTON

THE WORLD
WIDESPREAD
IN EXTERIOR AND
INTERIOR DECORATION

BLACK
TRUE HI-FI
TIE

TRUE
HIFI
BEGINS
WITH

Sonotone

AMERICAN MADE ELECTRONIC
MANUFACTURERS OF OVER 400 PHONOGRAPH
MODULES AND PHONO CARTRIDGES.

Over 100 models plus 1000 pieces
available in Sonotone/General Phonograph Catalog.

Esquire school guide

Interior Decoration at Home

Over 1000 ideas for your home
from the world's best

Can I At My Age
I'm A Young Person

TESS
TESS



Bottles have changed...

but never the quality of

I.W. HARPER

since 1872

PRIZED KENTUCKY BOURBON

100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND OR MILD 86 PROOF



From left to right: "DANDY" Pinch Bottle, 1900; "AMBER" Colorful Glass, 1880; "CANTEEN G. A. R." Reunion Souvenir, 1895; "PEWTER PITCHER" Gift Decanter, 1900; "COMPANION" Long-Necked Decanter, 1910; "BAR BOTTLE" Ornate Cut Glass, 1910; "DWARF" Round Etched Decanter, 1885; "GOLD MEDAL" Embossed Decanter, 1949; "HARPER'S OWN" Ceramic Jug, 1890; "LITTLE COMPANION" Cut Glass, 1910; "NAUTICAL" Shippers Tribute, 1890; "THE AMERICAN" Hand Blown Flask, 1875; "CARBOY" Wicker-Covered, 1880; "CAMEO" Cut Glass Miniature, 1899. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY I. W. HARPER DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.